CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. VI. London, October, 1909 No. 6

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(Sketch from life of Hazel Beatrice Sullivan)

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Issued Monthly. Price: { Canada and Great Britain $1.50 a year. 15 cents the copy. } { United States, $2.00 a year. 20 cents the copy.

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Entered in the Post Office at London, Ont., as second class matter.
Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to

Vanderhoof-Gunn Company, Ltd., Publishers
SILVESTER-WILLSON BUILDING, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA Telephone 5322
OFFICES AT:

LONDON	TORONTO	MONTREAL	CHICAGO
382 Clarence St.	68 Victoria St.	522 Board of Trade Bldg.	1502 Marquette Bldg.

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THE PRAIRIE WOMAN

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

One hand upheld to shield her eyes,
  She gazes far into the west,
Where rosily the daylight dies
  And singing breezes croon of rest,
The stillness of the prairie lands
  Creeps in across the endless miles,
And statuelike the woman stands
  And dreams, perchance, of other whiles.

The plains, as level as a sea,
  With wind-blown billows dip and rise;
No wide outspreading, friendly tree
  Shows anywhere beneath the skies.
No good broad highway skirts the yard,
  No neighbor is within her call;
Her fortune some would tell as hard,
  Yet she—she minds it not at all.

What dreams come to her of the days
  When she moved in a world of life,
Of fashions, shops and teas and plays
  And petty joy and petty strife?
No dreams that are not overborne
  By this vast vision that is hers
Of prairie land that night and morn
  With newer being breathes and stirs.

O, Prairie Woman! Brave and lone,
  You are the boldest pioneer,
God send you come into your own
  And reap reward of peace and cheer.

* * * * * *

One hand upheld to shield her eyes
  She gazes far into the west,
Where rosily the daylight dies
  And singing breezes croon of rest.

Drawn by L. J. Herndon The Widow and the Wolves—see page 367

A GREAT, GREY, WHITE-FANGED MOUNTAIN OF RED-MOUTHED THINGS SEEKING FOOD

CANADA WEST

VOLUME VI. LONDON, OCTOBER NUMBER 6

BIG JOHN AND PARTY SHOOTING LACHINE RAPIDS

CAP'N BATTEN, RAPIDS PILOT

BY C. F. CARTER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

ALONG the St. Lawrence they haven't got done talking yet about how Cap'n George Batten took the *Montreal* down the rapids. It isn't likely they will tire of the tale any sooner than they do of that twin classic which relates how Sally Picard ran the Long Sault at night. They have been telling that story for forty years, but it has lost none of its zest yet.

The St. Lawrence exerts upon all who approach it a fascination unknown to quieter streams. It has drawn experienced boatmen to deaths they must have known were inevitable. It has tempted men in the prime of life to forsake all that wealth and position could give for a plunge into the white crested waves that never give up a victim. It has even lured bridegrooms on their wedding journeys from the

"RAPIDS KING" IN LACHINE RAPIDS

sides of their brides to its cold embrace. Although benignant fortune long since placed Captain Batten beyond any need of further steamboating, nothing could tempt him from the river. Running the rapids is to him a recreation rather than a vocation. Since it is a fad that no other man can cultivate, its pursuit surely must be happiness.

The call of the river lured George Batten from school when he was but thirteen. One season as a cabin boy earned promotion to the more responsible position of watchman. Part of the time he should have devoted to sleep, the boy spent in the pilot house of the famous old rapids boat, the *Corsican*, wheedling Pat Tierney, wheelman, into teaching him to steer. That determined his career. He would be a rapids pilot.

Not that Pat could teach him anything about the rapids. Between a rapids pilot and a wheelman competent to steer anywhere else on the St. Lawrence is a great gulf. Almost anyone can be made into a respectable wheelman. Most wheelmen in the course of time may even be trusted to run the Galops, the Rapids du Plat and perhaps the Long Sault. But those who have the gift of interpreting the river's vagaries, the quick intuition, the keen eye, the steady nerve, the swift hand required to guide a steamboat into the jaws of death and safely out again through Coteau, Cedar, Split Rock, Cascade and Lachine Rapids are born rarely as poets. No one generation has produced more than four or five rapids pilots. At the present time there are but two men alive competent to take a large steamboat down, and no more are in training. Running the rapids of the St. Lawrence is in danger of becoming a lost art.

No, Joe Rhenfret, who lost his nerve when the *Grecian*, with four hundred passengers on board, struck in Split Rock Rapids and ran out of the pilot house, leaving the boat to her fate; and "Sally" Picard, who immortalized himself by running the Long Sault at night, though he didn't do it on purpose, being inadvertently carried past the head of the Cornwall Canal in the darkness; and Ed. Ouillette, who had a son to inherit his knowledge of the rapids, did not worry over anything. Pat Tierney could teach the boy.

But when they noticed that he made a point of being around when the *Corsican* was about to enter the rapids they decided on a little detective work. After watching the boy keenly one day, Sally Picard, with his most ingratiating smile, inquired:

"*Parlez-vous Francais?*"

Now, George Batten had not lived in French Canada for nothing. But there

"CORSICAN" IN LACHINE RAPIDS

was something in the pilot's expression that warned him not to be boastful of his linguistic accomplishments. So he merely ventured a non-committal "Huh?"

Not yet satisfied, Sally watched the boy out of the corner of his eye while he made remarks in French to the wheelman calculated to rouse young George's curiosity. But Batten only stared at the river. That settled it. There could be no objection to the English boy becoming a regular wheelman, since he could understand no river secrets the Frenchmen might discuss in their own language in his presence. He was particularly well muscled for his age, and muscle was in demand in the pilot house before steam steering gear was invented.

In the five years he was mate and pilot—mates on the St. Lawrence being required to qualify as pilots on the river, excepting the rapids, of course—young Batten never allowed himself to be betrayed into showing that he understood French. But he kept his eyes and ears very wide open, and every fragment of information he acquired he conned over and over until it was burned ineffaceably into his memory.

Captain Howard saw something of this and guessed more. But like Batten, Captain Howard understood the art of keeping his mouth shut. One day Gildersleeve, the general manager, went up the river with Captain Howard.

"I suppose you know our pilots are getting old, and the company isn't making any new ones?" remarked the captain.

"Yes. Have you any promising wheelmen?"

"Well, young Batten ain't letting anything get away from him."

"M-m-m-m-m," said the general manager.

Early in the next season Mate Batten at Prescott received a telegram from the General Manager, reading:

"Picard sick. Go to Cornwall and take charge of the *Bohemian* as rapids pilot."

Pilot Ed. Ouillette, who had heard what was in the wind, also sent a telegram. It was addressed to Sally Picard and it read:

"Don't let Batten into the pilot house."

But Picard was piqued because Ouillette received $200 a year more than he did. Besides, he was too sick to care whether school kept or not.

As soon as the French crew learned that the young Englishman was actually going to try to run the rapids, there was something akin to a mutiny on board. Chief Engineer Matte headed a deputation to the pilot house.

"Do you sink eet ees r'right to take M'sieur Picard's place?" he asked.

"I think it is right to obey orders."

"But you are Anglaise, and eet takes a Fr-renchman to run ze rapeeds."

"This time it is going to take an Englishman to run them, and don't you forget it."

Clearly, nothing was to be gained by expostulation, so after much talk among themselves and more gesticulation the deputation filed below.

In the days of hand-steering gear a pilot and three wheelmen were required to steer through the rapids. If the wheelmen felt called upon to protect the French monopoly in navigation they had the strength and the opportunity to ruin his prospects in life together with the *Bohemian*. There was one wheelman, Rhenshaw, with whom he had long been good friends that Batten felt he could trust, so he placed him at the front wheel beside himself and left the rest to Fate.

The French crew, however, meant to take no chances. As the steamer neared Coteau Rapids, the first below Cornwall, they packed their carpetbags and carried them up on the hurricane deck. Realizing that with a young Englishman at the wheel disaster was inevitable, they determined that Father St. Lawrence should not claim his victims without a struggle.

Captain Baker was an interested spectator, but he said nothing. It might be as well to find out at once whether the young man had nerve or not. If he were disconcerted at the sight of the crew lined up on the hurricane deck with their carpetbags as a testimonial to their lack of faith in his skill he never would make a pilot.

They might as well have been in Timbuctoo for all the attention Batten paid to them. He slowed the engines as he swung in toward Coteau Island, skirted the rush bed along its edge, then brought the wheel spinning hard aport as soon as the wheelhouse was abreast of the last rush, and went around the next island with the *Bohemian* careening until her guards dipped into the water. Then hard to starboard and through the choppy waves of Coteau Rapids at twenty-five miles an hour. Sally Picard himself could not have done it better. When it was all over a concerted sigh went up from the crew. Chief Engineer Matte elevated his shoulders, threw up both hands with outstretched palms, and exclaimed:

"Ah! But wait until we get to Split Rock Rapids. You will hear bump, bump, bump!"

But as the *Bohemian* went down Split Rock without any "bump, bump, bump," the crew held an indignation meeting presided over by the bartender to protest against the audacity of the young Englishman in presuming to pilot a steamboat where all the piloting ever done had been done by Frenchmen. Once more Chief Engineer Matte headed a deputation to the pilot house.

The spokesman had hardly opened his mouth when Batten turned the wheel over to Rhenshaw, and stepping out, exclaimed:

"See here, Matte, you go below and

"PASSPORT" IN LONG SAULT

answer your bells and leave me to run this end of the boat, and go damned quick."

There was something in the glitter of the young pilot's cold gray eye even more expressive than his words. The departure of the deputation might almost be termed precipitate. With the discharge of sixteen men, including the bartender, the chief engineer and two wheelmen as soon as the *Bohemian* was tied up at Montreal, the incident was closed. No one ever again expressed any doubts of Batten's ability to run the rapids.

On the contrary, the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company developed so much confidence in him that in 1892 he was sent to Philadelphia to inspect their new steamboat, the *Columbian*, and bring her up to Montreal. Finding that the builders were putting in manila rope for steering gear he protested, saying that it should be wire rope or chain, since a boat running the rapids would have her wheel jammed hard over oftener in one trip than a seagoing vessel would in a lifetime. The protest being ignored, he wrote to President Connolly, of the Richelieu and Ontario Company, about it. He was told by return mail that John Roach had been building ships long enough to know as much about the business as any mere pilot; and if Roach put in rope, why rope was all right. Batten filed a copy of his letter carefully away for future reference and took the *Columbian* home.

On the fourth trip down the river that manila tiller rope broke just as the *Columbian* was entering "The Gate," in Cedar Rapids, leaving her without a rudder. Soon after entering the Gate, an opening in a reef, the steamboat channel makes a sharp turn to port at nearly right angles, and after a short tangent bears several points further to port, while a large part of the water goes straight ahead to plunge over a ledge in a sheer fall of twenty-five feet into "Hell's Hole," a great pit two hundred feet wide, whose contents are lashed by the torrents pouring in from above, battling with other torrents toppling in from either side into the most fearsome spot on the St. Lawrence. A steamboat left to itself would be swept on the ledge, to be broken into bits and tumbled into Hell's Hole, or else topple bodily into that awful abyss.

As the *Columbian* was making twenty-five miles an hour in the terrific current and the distance was short, a

delay of even a fraction of a second meant disaster.

Instantly Captain Batten, who was at the wheel, rang for full speed ahead on the starboard wheel and full speed back on the port wheel. Then he called down the speaking tube to the engineer:

"Be lively, now, in answering your bells. Whatever you do don't stop if you feel her strike unless you get the bell. The steering gear has carried away."

By dexterous use of the twin screws the *Columbian* was turned short about and sent across the narrow channel and brought up on a shoal with bow up stream. Antoine Sauve, a Frenchman, was on the island beyond the shoal gathering wood. Batten blew the whistle to attract the Frenchman's attention. Sauve ran down to the beach in time to haul in a line and make it fast. That was a lucky job for Sauve. It has earned for him a soft place as lock tender on the Soulanges Canal, where he is passing his declining years in comfort.

FRED OUILLETTE

Other lines followed the first so quickly that it was all over, and the 170 passengers were safe before it occurred to a young lady on the hurricane deck talking with President Connolly to inquire:

"Aren't we going very close to that island?"

A boat that was sent ashore attempted to pass under a line from above. The line was so low that four of the crew felt called upon to take hold of it to pass it over their heads. In a flash the current swept the boat from under them, leaving them dangling in space over water that outran the proverbial mill race. To let go was to drop into the river and be carried into the rapids; so they breasted the line while they kicked and yelled as only terrified Frenchmen can yell.

Their rescue caused so much delay that only a little more than half the passengers could be landed that day. First they had to be ferried across the narrow strip of water to the island. Then there was a quarter of a mile march through Scotch thistles higher than a man's head to reach a channel 150 yards wide which had to be crossed to another island half a mile wide. Then there was another channel 800 yards wide, an island and a final channel 600 yards wide, before the main land was reached. In each channel the current was very swift. As an incentive to do their best the oarsmen could see that they would be swept into the rapids if they didn't.

Getting the *Columbian* out of her predicament was a much more formidable task than landing the passengers. In making preparations for this Captain Batten had the narrowest escape of his life. There was an eddy just below the island which was to play an important part in the rescue of the *Columbian*, once she was afloat again. General Manager Chabotte was very curious about the depth of this eddy. Captain Batten knew all about that eddy he wanted to know and said so; but finally he allowed himself to be persuaded to go out with Chabotte and sound it.

Taking a raft boat, a craft with both ends pointed and carried up very high, Captain Batten handled the oars while the general manager steered and helped out with a paddle. So tremendous was the current that in spite of all they could do they were swept past the eddy out into the steamboat channel and down toward the white-topped, choppy waves of the rapids, in which no boat and no swimmer could live.

"Pull, Batten! Pull, Batten!" gasped Chabotte at every stroke of his paddle. Batten dared not exert all his enormous strength for fear of breaking the oars; but he needed no urging to pull quite up to the limit of safety. At the speed with which they were being swept down stream Batten realized that they could not reach the lower island. But glancing over his shoulder he saw a tree near the lower end of the island just above the first big wave which had fallen straight out across the water, and not more than two feet above the surface. It was their only hope.

Cautiously he put a little extra strain upon the oars. No, they would miss the tree. Chabotte's hat fell off and his hair stood erect, as men's hair often does in comic pictures, but rarely in real life. He was an expert canoeist and he threw all his hope of life into a final stroke of his paddle as he panted once more:

"Pull, Batten!"

Those oars would never be needed again, so Batten, pulling in unison with Chabotte's paddle, made a spurt that carried the boat far enough into the fallen tree for both to grasp its branches. In a twinkling the boat shot from under their feet, was caught upon the crest of a wave, and then hurled to the bottom of the St. Lawrence.

The two men crawled along the trunk of the tree to the island, where they sank exhausted upon the beach. Batten recovered first. Turning to his companion with a grin, he asked:

"Well, Chabotte, is your curiosity about that eddy satisfied?"

A gang of Caughnawaga Indians, who had been used to the river all their lives, were sent for to build a dam just below the *Columbian* to back the water up enough to float her. A pier was built up opposite her bow. On timbers braced against this pier jackscrews were placed with which the bow was slowly forced out into the channel.

Five weeks after she had been run aground all was ready to float the *Columbian*. If she was to be turned around in that narrow channel and swift current, it would be necessary to let her float down to the upper end of the eddy that had interested the general manager, and as close to the island as possible. Captain Batten placed his most trustworthy man aft on the hurricane deck with instructions to lift his cap as a signal when the stern reached a certain spot. Then he took his position in the pilot house and gave the word for the final turn of the jackscrews.

The instant the *Columbian's* bow caught the full force of the current she spun around and started broadside down stream. President Connolly, General Manager Chabotte, and half a dozen directors of the company were on the hurricane deck. As the *Columbian* swung out every one of them began yelling conflicting orders at the top of his voice. President Connolly, apoplectic with excitement, danced toward the pilot house, waving both fists in the air and screaming

"Come ahead on her! Come ahead on her! You'll have her on the island again!"

Captain Batten, quietly ignoring the frantic president and directors, looked over their heads at the man he had posted aft. Presently a cap was lifted high above the bedlam on the hurricane deck. Captain Batten rang for full speed ahead, while the wheelmen threw their souls into an effort to get the wheel hard over. The *Columbian*, aided by the eddy, carrying her stern up stream, turned short in her own length, and in a twinkling was on her right course and off down the rapids. When she was safe at her dock in Montreal, President Connolly approached the pilot and said.

"Well, Batten, I'll admit that you know more about the rapids than I do."

"Yes, pilots usually handle their boats without assistance. In fact, I never heard you give any orders. I didn't even know you were on board."

"I guess that's so. But you know you put her on the island. Of course we'll have to have an official investigation."

"You need not look farther than this," said Captain Batten, pulling out the copy of his letter of protest against the manila tiller rope.

"Um-m-m-m-m!" remarked Con-

nolly, as he fumbled the letter. And that was the end of the investigation.

One incident of which Captain Batten admits being a trifle proud was his gift of a steamboat valued at $110,000 to the company that has employed him all the thirty-seven years he has followed the river. True, it was the company's own boat, or had been until she was hopelessly lost in Lachine, the wickedest rapids on the river.

It was on June 30, 1900, that the *Spartan*, with Fred. Ouillette at the wheel, approached Lachine Rapids on her regular trip down the river. As Ouillette attempted to port the wheel to straighten the *Spartan* up for the plunge through "The Gate" at the head of the rapids, a link in the tiller chain snapped. Once through The Gate a steamboat without steering gear could not escape destruction with the loss of all hands. In a second she would be too near the Gate to turn back.

Finding the wheel would still work to starboard Ouillette brought it hard over as fast as his hands could move, and laid the *Spartan* gently ashore with her bow up stream. Captain Grange dropped both anchors and got all his lines out as soon as she touched, then went among the passengers to quiet them. Next day all hands were taken ashore without one passenger so much as getting a foot wet.

With the exception of the broken tiller chain the *Spartan* was unharmed, but her position seemed utterly hopeless. Twenty feet beyond her outer guards the current tore along at fifteen miles an hour, gathering speed for the plunge through the worst rapids that ever were navigated. There was no room to do anything. O'Brien, the veteran foreman of the Calvin Wrecking Company, Amie Garioux, who has made a fortune piloting rafts down the river, Dufour, the pilot who runs Lachine with a tiny steamboat during the excursion season, all came and looked at the *Spartan* and shrugged their shoulders and went away. The directors came and looked and sighed, then returned to the office and debited the *Spartan* to profit and loss.

Captain Batten wanted to see what could be done. The *Frontenac* and *Parthia* were moored above the *Spartan* to use their winches together with a powerful windlass on shore in an effort to pull the stranded steamer upstream into an eddy where she could be turned around.

A heavy strain was put on the lines, then the wreckers sat down to wait for a strong southwest wind, which would raise the water in the river. When the wind came Captain Batten ran past the *Spartan* as close as he could with the *Bohemian*, in order that the suction from the latter might loosen up the *Spartan* and put her afloat once more while he continued down the rapids. As he looked back he saw that the stranded boat had been drawn upstream twice her length. As soon as the *Bohemian* was at her dock he telephoned the General Manager that the *Spartan* was afloat. Together they drove to the scene.

Captain Batten wanted to get the *Spartan* as far as possible up into the eddy before attempting to turn out into the river, for there was no room to spare at best. But he could not tell how far he dared go. Water seen from shore looks very different from what it does when viewed from the pilot house of a steamboat in the channel. He was obliged to go out in a small boat, sound the eddy, and mark the limit of safety with buoys.

"When you get the bell to go ahead," said he to the engineer, "give her all the steam she can possibly take and do it almighty quick. As the boat is hopelessly lost now you need not be afraid of smashing things. If ever we get her out of here we've all got to work quicker 'n chain lightning."

With Captain Johnson to handle the bells and three wheelmen to help work the hand steering gear, Captain Batten gave the word to cast off. With engines at slow speed the *Spartan* drifted gingerly up to the buoys. The safety valve roared out a noisy testimonial to the zeal with which the engineer was following instructions as the *Spartan's* bow swung slowly out. As the current caught her the engines were

stopped while the current swept the bow down and the eddy carried the stern upstream.

"Give it to her," said Captain Batten to Captain Johnson at last. A gong clanged in the engine room. Instantly every timber in the *Spartan* quivered as her engines surged ahead in the mightiest effort they have ever made.

"Over, over, hard over, quick," said the same quiet voice to the straining wheelmen, "and then stand clear. If the rudder strikes a rock as the stern sweeps over that shoal, you will all be thrown into the river."

The *Spartan* swung around as if she was hung on a pivot and poked her nose into the Gate, the only place she could go and live, with not a foot to spare. Once through the Gate the run down the rapids was no different from any other trip. Next day the *Spartan*, being found to be absolutely undamaged, resumed her regular run and continued in service two years before she was dry docked.

The fact that he had to buoy that eddy mortified Captain Batten, for it demonstrated that after thirty years of steamboating, however familiar he might be with the main channel and all its cranks and crotchets as seen from the pilot house, there were still some things about the St. Lawrence he did not know. Such a condition was not to be tolerated. Taking a raft boat equipped with an anchor on a hundred fathoms of line and a square block of stone on another hundred fathoms and a man to help him, he set out to sound the rapids, a feat that no one else has ever dared attempt.

For weeks he poked and prodded into the innermost vitals of the wickedest waters on the river with a sounding pole, since a lead line was of no use in the swift currents, letting the boat carefully down with the anchor when it would hold and with the stone block when it would not, until the rapids of the St. Lawrence and the shoals and reefs above and below them no longer hid any secrets from him.

The intimate knowledge thus acquired was destined soon to enable Captain Batten to accomplish the most extraordinary feat in the history of inland navigation.

The *Montreal*, which was to run between Montreal and Quebec, where there was water enough to float seagoing steamships, was being built at Toronto. As she would be much too large when completed either to go through the canal locks or to run the rapids it was planned to build the hull in two sections and tow them to Montreal, where the pieces were to be put together and the upper works built on.

But as July 1, 1902, the time specified in the contract for the delivery of the *Montreal*, drew near, the builders saw they could not finish the boat. There was a heavy penalty for every day's delay after July 1st. If they could only complete the vessel at their own yards in Toronto the builders hoped the delivery might still be made on time. So they sent for Captain Batten.

The *Montreal* was to be 340 feet long, which was 100 feet longer than the longest vessel thought capable of making the sharp turns in the rapids, and 75 feet 6 inches wide over the guards, which was 30 feet wider than any boat that ever attempted to make the run. And finally her normal light draught called for a good deal more water than there was in the rapids.

Under these circumstances, did Captain Batten think there was one chance in ten of running the rapids? And would a fee of one thousand dollars induce him to take that one chance in ten?

Yes, if they kept her draught down to six feet three inches, since about seven feet was all the water that could be counted on with certainty in some places, and if they were ready for the trip as soon as the ice was out and the river was at its highest for the year.

On the basis, then, of one chance in ten the Bertram Ship and Engine Company set to work to finish the *Montreal* at Toronto as the only hope of getting out whole on a *four hundred thousand dollar* contract. But it was the end of May instead of early in April before the *Montreal* was ready, and she was drawing *seven feet nine inches*, a foot and a

half more than the limit Captain Batten had set, and about that much more water than there seemed any reasonable hope of finding in the worst rapids.

Although the odds were now a hundred to one, instead of ten to one, against success there was no alternative but to accept the conditions and go ahead. Captain Batten selected his crew with extreme care. He wanted only men he knew from experience could be depended upon to do exactly what they were told, no more and no less, and do it instantly. A. R. Milne, an engineer who had been running the river for half a century, was chosen to take charge of the engines. Capt. Henry Esford, a lake commander, was to handle the bells, for a pilot in the rapids has so much use for his hands that he can't waste them on bell pulls. Captain Booth, another veteran, was placed over two gangs of men, one gang standing ready at each anchor, with instructions to drop them on signal from the whistle if the occasion arose; while two carpenters with an assistant were stationed in each compartment of the hold, equipped with oakum and tools and planks and timbers, ready to cope instantly with any form of leak if the *Montreal* should strike the rocks. The side-wheel tug *Chieftain*, with Fred Ouillette at the wheel, led the way to help the *Montreal* around the short turns. Two men with axes in their hands and a third axe ready in case one should break, stood at the tug's stern to cut the towline if necessary.

Those axes were not idle long. Upon entering the Long Sault, the first of the big rapids and the most spectacular, but the easiest to navigate, in which there is a descent of sixty-seven feet, the terrific current seemed to pick up the *Montreal* and hurl her bodily at the *Chieftain*. The steamer seemed to travel three feet to the tug's one. The hawser slacked until it dragged on the river bottom, where it caught on the rocks, pinioning the tug for the *coup de grace*. It all happened so swiftly there was scarcely time to think, much less to act.

When the *Montreal* was within seventy-five feet of the *Chieftain*, her whistle sounded the hoarse command to cut the towline. Both men struck for their lives. While the axes were in the air, Ouillette was working the steam steering gear with one hand and ringing for full speed ahead with the other. The *Chieftain* sprang aside like a grasshopper getting from under a horse's descending hoof. It was such a close shave that the *Montreal's* guard grazed the *Chieftain's* quarter as she shot by.

Soon the *Montreal* was in trouble herself. In the Long Sault the river sweeps to the right in a curve of some seventy-five degrees, then doubles back to the left around a point. For an instant it looked as if the huge steamer could not round the point. But by desperate work of the pilot she made it and that was all.

Captain Batten had ordered a "salmon tail" six feet square put on the rudder. A "salmon tail" is a sort of extension often attached to the rudders of barges and hung on a pivot with a rope by which it can be lifted up out of the way when not needed. But Ankstrom, the designer of the *Montreal*, who was more gifted as a marine architect than as a rapids pilot, could not see the necessity for it, so it had been omitted.

"How about that salmon tail?" asked Captain Batten, after the *Montreal* had reached quiet water below the troublesome point.

"You were right."

A stop was made at Coteau du Lac while the salmon tail was attached. Before entering Coteau Rapids, in which a turn almost at right angles must be made in a very narrow channel, the builders, against the advice of Captain Batten, engaged the little tug *Mary King* to put a line on the stern of the *Montreal*, to help hold her back while the *Chieftain* got a chance to pull the big steamboat around. Then the *Mary King* was to cut her line and run for safety, for if she ever got started down the rapids stern foremost, it would be all up with her. Theoretically, the plan was admirable. If there had only been some way to make the current stand still while it was being executed, no doubt it could have been carried out with entire success. Lacking any such miraculous control of the St. Lawrence, the regular crew of the

tug refused point blank to have anything to do with it.

A volunteer crew was picked up, and the little *Mary King* trailed off after the *Montreal*. The instant the line tightened the little tug was yanked over on her beam ends. In the quiver of an eyelash she would have turned turtle into that swift current where certain death awaited her crew, had not Captain Robineau, her owner, been standing by with ready axe. He cut the line when the tug was so nearly over that she seemed to balance on her beam ends for an instant, uncertain which way to go. But she righted at last, and crowding on all steam, Captain Robineau got out of that dangerous neighborhood as fast as possible.

Meanwhile the *Chieftain* had gotten into nearly as tight a box ahead of the *Montreal*, and had also to cut her line and run for it. The *Montreal* was thus left to her own resources.

Captain Batten had anticipated exactly such a situation and was ready for it, for he had no faith in the tugs. The channel was so narrow that if the *Montreal* poked her nose too far to starboard she would run it into the island; if she swung too far the other way she would run on a shoal. In either case the current would then swing the enormous steamer athwart the channels, blocking it until the weight of water broke her in two and carried her piecemeal down the rapids.

There was a gravel shoal jutting out from the north side of the channel into the elbow of the bend. Captain Batten rounded the *Montreal* gently amidships on this point so that she hung as on a pivot with both bow and stern clear. Then by careful work with rudder and engines, he seesawed the big steamboat back and forth until her bow pointed downstream at the right angle to make the turn, then rang for full speed ahead. The current helped the *Montreal* clear of the shoal as readily as it had placed her there, and on she went as neatly as any craft of half her size could have done.

"Well, by ——," began Captain Esford, drawing a long breath. "Say, George!"

"What?"

"What's the use of following the river down? Let's throw a bucket of water on the ground and cut across lots!"

Coteau, Cedar, Split Rock and Cascade Rapids are all compressed into eleven miles of river, in which the total descent is eighty-four feet. A trip through that part of the St. Lawrence is more like shooting the chutes than steamboating. It is easy to imagine, therefore, how useful a tug would be there. Although the channel is extremely crooked the *Montreal* had to depend upon the skill of her pilot in the use of the rudder with its salmon-tail extension and the engines. And these would have been of no avail but for his accurate and certain knowledge of every square yard of the river's bottom.

Being landsmen, the builders still clung to the idea that the tug was necessary. All their lives they had seen tugs helping large vessels around sharp turns. So below Coteau Rapids the *Montreal* stopped and picked up the tug once more. But at the first turn in Cedar Rapids, the swiftest in the river, which is usually run at full speed, the line had to be cut again, while the *Montreal* was darting down the toboggan slide at twenty-five miles an hour. If the tug didn't get out of the way in time to enable her to make the turn just right in a channel so narrow there was not fifty feet leeway on either side—well, there was Hell's Hole just below, capable of swallowing the *Montreal* at one gulp.

In Split Rock Rapids, less formidable in appearance, but in reality more difficult for the *Montreal* to negotiate, since there was less water, there was a gentle bump just aft of the engines that sent a little tremor through the *Montreal's* frame and nearly caused the representatives of the builders to choke on their own hearts. Milne, the veteran of half a hundred seasons on those treacherous waters, felt it and smiled grimly.

"George's luck has turned at last," he muttered to himself.

But it had done nothing of the sort; for the *Montreal* immediately thought better of it and went on around the short bend of more than ninety degrees, past the hull of the *Grecian* where Joe

Rhenfret had basely deserted her forty years before, past the treacherous "Haystacks," lurking just below the surface, and on to smooth water. Soon after the rising east wind blowing the water out of the shallow channel forced the *Montreal* to anchor for two days.

Only one more rapid was yet to be run, but this was the formidable Lachine, in which the descent is fifty-seven feet. The steamboat *El Reno* struck a rock in Lachine twenty-five years ago, ripping a huge hole in her side, hung on the rock just long enough to allow the passengers and crew to escape, then bumped along over the bottom until she plunged off into the fathomless abyss at the foot of the rapids. Half a dozen years later the *St. Francis* met a similar fate in the same spot.

Devil's Island, which is merely a low rock, stands so far out into the navigable channel on the left about halfway down the rapids that there is barely room for a medium-sized boat to pass between it and the reef which juts out on the other side. There certainly was not room for the *Montreal*, so Captain Batten stopped a day at Lachine village and had the buckets on the port wheel raised so it would roll safely over Devil's Island.

The whole Canadian metropolis was talking of the coming attempt to run the terrible Lachine Rapids with a steamboat twice as large as had ever ventured there before. When the time for the event drew near, crowds lined the river bank to witness what must be either a brilliant triumph or an unmitigated disaster. This multitude watched in silence as the *Montreal*, led by the *Chieftain*, came sweeping majestically down the river and entered the Gate with engines slowed down.

When Devil's Island was eclipsed, as the broad guards swept over it, a cheer rolled along the bank like a wavelet on the river as it was taken up by one group after another, until it died away in the distance. Perhaps if the spectators could have had a closer view of what was going on in the rapids the cheers might have been reserved.

As usual, the *Chieftain* got into trouble the moment she struck rough water with the line tightened. But by this time the axemen had become adepts at cutting towlines and the peril was over in an instant. As the *Chieftain* staggered on out of harm's way, Captain Batten registered a solemn vow never again to have anything to do with tugs in the rapids.

But the danger was not all past even yet. Three minutes' sail from Victoria Wharf, St. Lambert's Reef lies in wait for unwary steamboats. There was still a possibility that the costly craft might meet disaster at the very end of her journey.

Watching river men held their breaths as the *Montreal* with engines at slow speed crept cautiously over the reef. Then the faint tinkle of the engine-room bell calling for full speed ahead floated across the water as the welcome sight of the twin towers of Notre Dame opening into view behind the elevator told the pilot that the last peril was safely past.

Whistles from every craft in the harbor, every switch engine, mill and elevator along the water front, bellowed a discordant obligato to the cheers that went up from the watching thousands who with hats and flags and handkerchiefs waved a welcome to the *Montreal*.

THE WIDOW AND THE WOLVES

BY STANLEY WATERLOO

ILLUSTRATED BY L. J. HERNDON

A MORE honest and reliable man than John Murlane, so all his friends said—and who should know so well as friends?—did not have being in the city of Toronto. Honest he was, despite the fact that he was mightily ambitious and infatuated with a woman who needed money.

Murlane's father was a retired grocer, living in Rosedale and exceedingly well-to-do, but that did not help his son at all. The old gentleman had given John an education and that, with a moderate start in life, he announced as enough. He had gotten along without assistance in his own struggling days, and if his son could not do the same, why then his son might go to the dogs! He, Murlane the elder, proposed to spend the money he had made and have, at last, a little fun in life. He was a widower, and that made his life programme simple and gave greater promise of exuberant rounding out. Murlane the elder was what is popularly known as "a bird." Murlane the younger was far more circumspect and of the type to be a model for the rising generation. There were many things about his father of which he by no means approved, particularly his relations with the widow Garfeeld.

The widow Garfeeld was young, that is, for a widow, and was decidedly pleasing to the eye. She was somewhat haughty of mien, but her air was tempered by a certain brightness, and she exhibited always a keen perception which enabled her to conform her demeanor to the particular individual with whom she might come in contact. She impressed and flattered those upon whom she smiled. She was, very decidedly, a woman of the world. She was not a widow of the crepe variety, but one full-blooded and quite in the swim with other dashing lady fishes. That such a woman as she would marry again seemed a matter of course. The only question was as to who the man would be. And here comes in the whole ghastliness of the situation. At this particular time it appeared almost a certainty that the choice would fall upon either Murlane the elder or Murlane the younger. There was an outlook for you!

It has already been intimated that Murlane the elder, while more than thrifty, was also more than frisky. He had cast eyes upon the charming widow and had appreciated her. He was sixty-five, it is true, but what difference should that make? He was well preserved and in good health, despite a somewhat broad abandonment of care as to diet and things of that sort. In his own eyes he was just the husband for such a woman as Mrs. Garfeeld, she of the faultless figure and winning way, and so he went in to win.

Meanwhile, John had also gone in to win. He had wooed the widow most persistently, and, it seemed to him, with

a fair degree of aptitude. He felt "in his bones" that she was not altogether indifferent to him. This, to a man as determined as John Murlane, was about sufficient. He recognized the fact that in the older man he had a rival not to be despised, but he relied upon his own sagacity in the matter. He was handicapped to some extent by the fact that his more or less honored parent had the start, for the elder it was who had first discovered Mrs. Garfeeld, and in an incautious moment introduced his son, —and was also handicapped, though he did not as yet fully realize the magnitude of the burden, by the fact that his father could produce a hundred dollars to his one. John knew that the widow liked him. He resolved to put the issue to the test. Not an over-modest man was John Murlane.

He called upon the widow one evening in June, an evening the soft and balmy quality of which he was destined to remember, and to compare in the immediate future with the Siberian climate of another neighborhood. The first part of the call passed pleasantly. The atmosphere was of just the sort for the development and encouragement of the softer emotions, and the widow's cheeks were red, her smile inviting and her dark eyes apparently almost dewy. Impassive as was John under ordinary circumstances, the force of the sensuous environment was upon him and but confirmed him in his purpose. Sitting close beside the widow, he broke out warmly:

"I want you to marry me. I love you devotedly. I am doing well. The number of my clients is increasing steadily, and I can give you some of the luxuries of life, not to speak of ordinary comforts. Will you not become my wife?" and his face glowed with confidence and a fair degree of earnestness and passion.

The widow smiled upon him kindly "I believe you, John," she said, "and I want you to believe me when I say that I care for you. I like your force of character and determination in accomplishing whatever you set out to do. I am myself, as you know, not without a degree of resolution and decision. If it were not so I could not talk to you as unreservedly as I feel I must. I am going to be very candid with you."

John felt in his soul, that the widow was talking too calmly and too much for anyone in the grasp of such feeling as he owned, but he did not flinch.

"Do you know that your father has also proposed to me?" the widow continued.

"I had inferred as much," he answered, "but surely——"

The widow interrupted him:

"Do not express yourself, please, until you have heard me through. I know you well enough to know that you will understand my position. It is embarrassing enough, certainly. As I have already said, I am very fond of you——"

"Then, why won't you consent to marry me?" was the immediate interjection, but the widow was unaffected. "You must not interrupt me," she declared, "I have much to say. Let us be reasonable. Whatever may be the depth of your emotions at the present moment, I know you to be, ordinarily, a very practical man, one who can see things as they are and conduct himself accordingly. That is one of the traits I admire in you, and it is one which I hope will induce, or at least allow, you to agree patiently with what I have to say. Do you think you will be equal to the situation?" and she smiled in a manner which might have been called indulgent, but which had about it no weakling dimple.

Murlane's face had by this time assumed an expression far removed from that of the confidence it had shown at the beginning of the interview. He realized that the course of true love might not run smoothly in his case, but that, worse than that, it might terminate at something like a stone wall. He pulled himself together and answered as calmly as he could.

"I'll be as patient as I can, certainly, but do you not realize that with so much—with all my happiness at stake —it is not an easy task?"

"I understand," responded the widow, cheerfully, "and I give you credit for all earnestness, but it is that which impels me to the utmost candor. It is hard, and not for you alone, but I

am going to outline the situation, and then ask you to answer frankly and honestly, a question which I shall put to you. Will you do that?"

He could not but assent. He settled back and grasped the arms of the easy chair, as if bracing himself for a physical shock

The widow spoke calmly, and as Murlane felt, fatefully. "Here, then, is our dilemma for dilemma it is according to my view. I have admitted that I care for you. You wish me to marry you. Your father wishes me to marry him. He is possessed of far more money than you. I am a loving woman, it may be, but I am also, as you know, a woman of the world, and my experience, not too pleasant at all times, has taught me the value of money in making life worth living. You may call me frivolous or selfish—perhaps I am both—but without the comforts and refinements of life, I do not feel that I could look forward to the future with equanimity, even with you. So I have decided—for of course I knew you would propose to me—that I would make a proposition. I will put your father on probation for two years, on some excuse, and will wait for you and will marry you at the end of that time if by then you have added to your possessions the sum of fifty thousand dollars. That is not an enormous sum, in these days, and I have the greatest confidence in your ability. Do you accept the conditions, John?"

THE WIDOW GARFIELD WAS DECIDEDLY PLEASING TO THE EYE

Murlane was, for the moment, stunned. This was by no means what he had expected. He had anticipated a degree of reluctance, but a final yielding. Now he realized the utter present hopelessness of his case. He knew the widow's decision to be unalterable. But he was a man of purpose. He answered resolutely, though somewhat bitterly:

"I accept, as a matter of course. I have no alternative."

The widow's eyes flashed. No woman but must have been affected at such evidence of devotion. She wished him all success, and even allowed him the privilege of her blooming cheek before they parted. Nearly a year had passed before he saw her again.

Alone in his office, John Murlane sat and pondered. It may be an unusual adverb for the verb, but it might be said that he pondered violently. There was need for it. His law practice he well knew would afford no solution of his problem.

Two years comprise only twenty-four months, and a law practice does not develop to gigantic proportions within that time. His course must be abnormal to secure that fifty thousand dollars before the second recurring anniversary. There must be prompt and daring exploitation somewhere. Where was the field?

He pondered long, but no light came to him, and he leaned back in his chair somewhat dejectedly. Upon his desk there chanced to be lying a copy of a sporting magazine, "The Nimrod." He picked it up and turned over its leaves listlessly. One of the illustrations, the grinning face of a wolf, attracted his attention and he read enough of the accompanying text to become most interested. It told of the great sums paid out by the United States government in the western states and territories to professional

wolf hunters, those who made wolf-killing their occupation for the sake of the bounties paid. In some localities, he noticed, the bounties were paid for wolf scalps, in others for wolf tails He noticed, too, from the reports, that certain enterprising hunters had collected in one place for the tails, and in another for the scalps of the same wolves. He smiled in admiration of so much wisdom. "I wish I owned an island full of wolves," he muttered. "I'd solve my problem."

He thought more definitely, now, and before him opened a vista which was wonderful. He was looking down a vast avenue through a snow-clad forest, and the way was lined on either side by thousands and thousands of gaunt, grinning, waiting wolves; but, far down, the nature of the vista changed, and instead of winter and terror all was spring and peace, and, at the end, there stood the widow Garfeeld, beckoning to him and smiling. "Through wolves to Her," he thought, and then he fell into reverie again. His look was tense, but gradually his expression changed, his face cleared and his eyes sparkled. "I have it!" he said, and that was all

For weeks after this no busier man than John Murlane existed. He was all over Toronto. He was out King Street East, Queen Street West, Toronto Junction and Deer Park. He was everywhere, and his consultations with the big firms which shipped galvanized iron houses to the Transvaal and to other distant places, with gun store proprietors and with supply houses of one kind or another were frequent and altogether purposeful. Before November he had disappeared, after various investments and the purchase of transportation from Toronto to St. Petersburg.

About the middle of November, a resolute young man attracted the attention of the authorities at St. Petersburg by his active preparations for a trip into the interior of the country. The secret police were promptly earnest in their surveillance, and learned that his destination was the site of a village abandoned because of the ravages of the hordes of wolves infesting the dense, interminable forests of its vicinity. The story of this village was a tragic one. There were reasonably fertile stretches of open land about the village and its people had prospered after a certain mean fashion until there had come a winter of excessive severity —and then the descent of the great pack, famished and fearless in its invasion. The raid had been terrible. All the domestic animals had been destroyed, human beings, men and women and children, venturing from the protection of the huts, had been devoured, and, at last, the remaining people of the hamlet had been literally besieged in their homes. A few daring men had ventured forth, reached the nearest station, and through their efforts troops had been sent to escort the famished, terrified and hopeless villagers to a region of safety.

It was at the railway station nearest the site of this deserted and isolated village that Murlane disembarked with four *mujiks*, two burdened sledges, two pairs of good horses, six worthless ones, two houses of galvanized iron, big, single-room affairs in sections ready to be put up hurriedly, and a great supply of food, arms and ammunition. Upon the same train with him had come two secret service officers, whose mission it was to report finally his destination and ultimate object in the strange adventure.

When he had unloaded his stores from the train the officers had already gained an idea of what he was about. They now talked with him frankly, and he, in turn, explained himself and his plans with the utmost freedom. He had read of the ravages of the wolves in certain parts of Russia, and his heart had throbbed with sympathy for the suffering peasants. He was a philanthropist, naturally, and he was blessed with wealth. He had come to Russia resolved, in the name of humanity, to do what he could, in a small way, to relieve one region of the afflicted country from its scourge. The officials went away delighted and impressed, and later made their report to St. Petersburg. The authorities were delighted and impressed as well. It was true they thought that the Canadian philanthropist would probably be eaten

by wolves, but philanthropists are accustomed to hardships, and what, indeed, could they expect in a world like this? Murlane received a flattering letter of thanks from a Great Personage, and the medal inscribed to Ivan Murlane, which was bestowed upon him by the Imperial Humane Society, is to-day one of the possessions he delights to exhibit to his friends.

The unloading at the station in the forest went on well, and it was but a little after noon—the train had arrived in the morning—when Murlane and his caravan were ready to depart for the silent village by the forest. The *mujiks* were nervous and so were the horses, but the start was made, and the place, with its pitiful cluster of silent, snow-covered huts, was reached after a drive of some eight miles through a sombre forest road. The village stood in an area of perhaps a score of acres, but it was not here that the caravan came to rest. It was near the edge of the forest, fairly between two great tongues of it which extended outward menacingly toward the abandoned hamlet.

Now came hard work. The houses of galvanized iron were unloaded and set up, after much travail, meeting end to end, so that they made in reality but one long house with connecting doors. The mass of goods, the guns, ammunition, food, oil, fuel, lamps, bedding and other supplies were placed in one house and the forage stored in the loft of the other. Along one side of this second house a long trough was set up. The place was merely a horse stable, and into it all the poor relics of horseflesh brought were led, and fastened. All along the sides of each house were portholes and each had small windows at the sides and ends.

The oil stove was set up, and the household put in order, the pairs of finer horses attached again to the sleighs, and the *mujiks* prepared for the hurried race back again to the station. Even if they had been under the protection of all the saints in the Russian calendar, they would not have lingered in the vicinity nor be found upon their way when the night fell! Too well they knew the menace of the dark surrounding wood. Already, as the lengthening afternoon deepened, had its fearful silence been broken by a long-drawn cry, so strange, so far-reaching, so sinister, and with such a death welcome in it, that the very horses shivered as they heard.

The *mujiks* leaped into the lightened sleigh, the horses broke into a run which needed not the lash, and with the disappearing sound of their hoofs on the frozen snow, John Murlane was left almost alone in the wolf-haunted Russian waste. He was not quite alone, for with him was Sergius Lifsky, the one *mujik* whom he had found bold enough to venture with him in this strange imprisonment. Lifsky had been a hunter of bears, and a life of danger had become second nature to him.

It was fast growing dark when supper had been eaten, and the arrangement of the furniture in the iron house had been attended to. Murlane spoke, thoughtfully:

"I suppose, Sergius, that we might as well begin to-night."

The Russian went about his work, stolidly. He prepared a lamp which fitted inside a reflector, hung upon a bracket and turned outward toward the window, cast, when ignited, a blaze of light upon the scene outside like that of the headlight of a locomotive. Then the two went into the adjoining house for the first grim work of the campaign. One of the horses was led outside, and the door was closed so that the remaining horses could not see nor smell. The old creature was shot, in front of the living house, and his carcass was cut, clumsily, into four great pieces. With much labor, three of the quarters were hauled, by a pulley arrangement, to the top of the stable, where they would be safe from the creatures of the wood, however frantically they might rage about the iron structure.

Then began a still more important task.

The two men attached a rope to the remaining quarter of the animal, and, with blood and entrails marking the way, strained and tugged with it through a wide circumference, the outward limit of which was at the forest's very edge and the termination of which

was where the uncanny journey started—just in front of the living-room house again. The campaign had begun!

But even that short venture to the edge of the dark forest had been full of dread. The soughing of the firs did not come to the two men as the only sound To their strained ears there appeared to be a sub-note—it may have been only in the imagination—whining, moaning, hungry and full of dread suggestion. And just as they had reached their doorway, when the shifting wind had barely carried out into the wood the blood scent, there came another sound, more definite, one not to be mistaken. It came thrice, almost simultaneously from east and west, and then from north, far down the depths of the forest, the long, quavering, calling howl the men had heard once before in the afternoon. They hurried into their citadel and shot every iron bolt into its place.

Darkness came, though of course, not rapidly in such a latitude, but with it, nearer and nearer, converged the encircling, dreadful calls. Then suddenly came wild yelps, the fierce expression of maddening hunger and of senses alert to the presence of food and of the approaching struggle for satisfaction of the pangs of starvation. The whole blended in a wild, blood-chilling, overwhelming cataract of sound, sweeping from the throats of famishing hordes of savage creatures. The wood itself seemed some sentient thing; from it swelled such a vast, grasping, merciless, hungry whine and whimper.

They. the hard-headed Canadian and the Slav peasant-bred hunter, stood listening in their puny castle of iron. The men were not lacking in sense. They were prepared, they thought, for what should come. They expected much: They got more!

No writing of man can describe how swells the minor, long-drawn, moaning, yet threatening call of the great grey wolf. Still less can written words re-echo the wild yelp of the gathered demons close upon the quarry. And still less may be given an idea of the sound when together, the big grey wolves have closed in upon that which they are seeking. This last sound was now what came to the ears of Murlane and Sergius, for the foremost of the horde had found the blood trail and were rushing, with an impulse from as fierce things behind them, to the mad, merciless onslaught.

The first cry, the call, the weeping hunger whine, the yelp of finding, the telling yowl of satisfaction dropped suddenly into almost silence. The circle, blood and entrail marked, was being followed to its ending now, and the gaunt, grey, hungry mass, snapping up all traces of red sustenance as they came, would soon launch themselves together upon the meat, the quarter of the horse sacrificed to lead them to their estimated end.

They came, sudden, fierce and swift, along both sides of that besmeared circle in the Siberian snow. They yelped more loudly as they strained and met, with a rush, an innumerable host of them, upon the separated portion of the horse.

The flashlight was trained on by Murlane's trembling order, and what was revealed, what was seen and heard in that desolate spot in the white, wood-bordered waste seemed but unnatural, vast and inhuman, out of a nightmare made up of a dream reminiscent from a sea of morbid stories.

There was, uprearing demoniacally, yelping, crying, whining, gasping and howling in their madness, a great grey, white-fanged mountain of red-mouthed things seeking food, and devouring the cooling but yet reeking flesh; then, in their struggle, tearing at each other's throats. The dead or wounded wolves became in an instant as had been a part of the dead horse. They were set upon and eaten. It was a pandemonium of what is the most awful spectacle on earth, the eating of one thing by a half-crazed other.

And Sergius, the *mujik*, instructed before, began to shoot from his indicated window. Each shot brought down a wolf or more than one, and these were immediately torn in pieces, food for their maddened wolf brethren. The areas in front of the little iron house became but a red altar to the spirit of devastation.

Sergius was checked in his stolid work by a weak cry. He turned and ran to Murlane. "What is it?" he muttered, bending over the cowering form of the other man.

Murlane had shrunk back from his loop-hole, and reached for a gun. He moved slowly, for his senses had received such a shock that his brain lagged. Then he became conscious that he could not grasp his weapon. His hands were hanging, useless, nerveless,—and what was the queer sound he heard above the snarling and snapping of the entangled demons outside? He listened vaguely to the strange noise, a noise like the steady rattling of dice. The *mujik* looked curiously, apprehensively, at him. Then it slowly dawned upon the mind of Murlane that it was the rattling of his own teeth that he heard. "Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-" they went, and his whole body shook as well. And now his whole consciousness was absorbed in the desire to run. Anywhere—away. Gathering all his strength, he half crawled, half groped to a seat, and cowered, with staring eyes, like a gibbering lunatic.

Outside, the leaping, snarling fiends, scenting the flesh above, hurled themselves against the iron walls, fighting, grappling, rolling over each other and making a living wall piled high against the unyielding shelter.

The *mujik* fell upon his knees before the *Icon*, which, as soon as they had unloaded the sledges, he had propped against the wall. His stolid, fate-accepting nature, and his long years of indifference to suffering, were in his favor now. While he muttered his prayers he glanced, sidewise, at Murlane. After some minutes, and in a momentary lull of the clamor outside,

MRS. MURLANE'S AUTOMOBILE THE *Loup-Garou* IS A GRIZZLED GRAY IN COLOR, STREAKED WITH RED

Sergius crawled over and, half straightening up the limp figure of his patron, took from the pocket of Murlane's coat the worn, printed clipping he had often seen the Canadian intently reading. It was the table of scalp bounties which had brought the adventurer to Russia, but the poor *mujik* had conceived, in his helpful earnestness, that the table was some devotional form that the stranger carried with him. Now, in extremity, he offered it, holding it in trembling hands, with the *Icon*, before Murlane's vacant eyes.

The fumbling of the *mujik* in his pockets, his movements, rather than what they meant, partially roused Murlane. With half unseeing eyeballs glaring, and dulled ears unhearing, the man slowly gathered himself together. He leaned back and began to breathe more deeply. As full consciousness returned, the tremors gradually ceased and a faint color came into his earth-colored face. So he fought out his hard battle with fear.

At the psychological moment Sergius gave his master, judiciously as to quantity, *vodka*. The serf of centuries instinctively ministered to the bearer of arms, although, doubtless, with misgivings as to the prowess of this half-dead-with-fear "Protector of the Poor."

Reviving, becoming a living man again, Murlane's will asserted itself at last. *Vodka* does not appeal to the taste of the half of the world to which Murlane belonged, but it does that work, in moments of exhaustion, for which all forms of alcohol may serve.

It was slow, this rehabilitation of one from Toronto, weak in the face of an outburst of savage nature, but, when revived, he was again the grim man in his office in King Street, four thousand miles away, and determined to get what he had travelled to Russia for.

"We'll kill all we can," he said.

What a slaughter it was, the extermination of the quadrupeds by the bipeds! The work went on until morning broke slowly over the forest, and finally into the opening distinctly. Then there was revealed the work of the night. The lately famished, but now full-fed legions of the wilderness had retired to the wood depths, no longer insatiate themselves, but gathering and lurking behind them were other and innumerable hordes of the hungry.

Murlane and the *mujik* dropped to the floor and slept, but their rest was brief.

Their breakfast eaten, forth they fared. They dragged the bodies of the dead wolves to the door of the house, skinned such of them as they had time for throughout the day, and of all not too much mutilated secured the scalps and tails. There were more than two score of them.

The day passed into the night and the slaughter of wolves went on again in a business-like manner worthy of a stockyards. Night after night the work of destruction continued, and each day the harvest of skins was gathered, and packed for keeping for an indefinite time. The horses gone at last, the skinned bodies of slain wolves served for the next night's baiting.

Through all the days and nights of the winter the two men toiled on, until the lank sun streamed down into the glade with some degree of vigor and searched out all the hiding places of the forest's edge, and when the wolves drew back to their fastnesses for summer game, a way, passably safe, was opened to the railway station and so to the world beyond.

Sergius, well paid, sought his home near St. Petersburg, and John Murlane sailed for home with great boxes, as baggage, containing three thousand one hundred and twenty-five wolf scalps, as many tails, and at least a thousand wolf skins.

The journey, by sea and land, was accomplished without delay, and Murlane reached Toronto with his rich freight in good condition and had it properly and safely stored.

And here came in Murlane's business genius.

With no flourish of trumpets at all, Mr. John Murlane resumed occupancy of his office, held during his absence by an anæmic and harmless clerk. Murlane promptly hired a good stenographer, and there was a strenuous correspondence from his dictation, varied occasionally by a railroad trip West, where many conferences with shady veterans were held. Business looked up.

But why go into details? John Murlane and the former Mrs. Garfeeld are married and are content. Their automobile the *Loup-Garou*, is of a grizzled gray in color, streaked with red. Mrs. Murlane might possibly be deemed a shade bizarre in taste by some, but the automobile is a beauty.

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of the "Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONCLUDED

"It takes considerable capital after the settler is once located, and this capital has to be supplied, *or an opportunity offered the settler to earn it himself*. Let charitably disposed people advance money at a reasonable rate of interest, on approved security, permitting the borrower to pay on the instalment through some local bank or other trustworthy source, and I will guarantee that any man who has ambition can get along and own a home of his own, and pay the loan in three years. The questions raised in this discussion are among the most important that confront the people of the United States. They are easy of adjustment if handled properly."

True, the foregoing experiment, if it can now be called such, was on a small scale, but it was made in a slashed-off pine country, where the soil requires much manual labor to prepare it for cropping. *Yet that soil, plus labor, is proving itself equal to banking interest plus a home for a family!*

This same theroem is proving itself over and over again in the densely timbered portions of the Yazoo Delta of Mississippi, one of the southern states of the American Republic. In this country many negro farmers have purchased small tracts of land, and it spite of the enormous labor of clearing up the heavy forest growth, and in spite of the heavy interest rates obtaining in that country, have succeeded in very many instances in developing farms which, compared to their former lot, leave them in independence and wealth. *The soil, plus the labor, is equal to exorbitant interest plus a home!*

Does Canada hesitate over the risk incurred in the mere *supervision* of the work of preparing her citizens-to-be? Is it a question of returns? Cannot Canada compete in part with Australia? Australia is troubled by no such hesitancy. She goes farther. Confident of the future, she accepts her immigrants and capitalizes their hopes.

If you seek the truth, do not go to the editorial page. It is unpaid, but untruthful almost always, because almost always biased. For the truth, go to the paid pages, the advertising pages, of any journal, because there only the truth dare be told. Now, it is the advertising pages of an Australian journal that one has in hand—and what truth they tell is *the story of our idea all worked out*, not by a society, not by a company, not by an individual, but by a nation! Here is what Australia advertises:

"The government gives liberal financial assistance towards the improving of properties. Farmers may be granted £1,500 worth of land, agricultural laborers £200 worth, and workmen £100 worth, the payment being on very easy terms. The governments assists pound for pound up to £50 towards fencing and building.

"Advances are made on easy terms up to £250, repayable in twenty years for the purposes of building and effecting improvements on the land.

"Emigrants from the United Kingdom may thus count upon a warm welcome from their brothers in Victoria, Australia.

"It is but seventy-six years since the first settlement was established; now it possesses over a million and a quarter of inhabitants. The country has over 4,316 miles of railway (all owned by the government) and dotted with prosperous townships. More than ninety-seven per cent. of our Victorian population is British, or of British parentage,

and England and Great Britain are spoken of as 'home.'

"Fifty million acres available for selection in the Southwest Division, with regular and ample rainfall.

"The most liberal land laws in the world.

"Free grants of 160 acres—*additional land up to* 2,000 *acres of first-class land, or* 5,000 *acres* grazing land on exceptionally easy terms, the *payments extending over twenty years.*

"The *Government Agricultural Bank* makes advances on liberal terms for improvements and stocking—repayments extending over thirty years."

Repayments extending over *thirty* years! We are told that the government not only sells the land at a nominal price, with payment distributed over twenty years, free of interest, but also provides, through the Agricultural Bank, the whole of the capital required to bring virgin country to a state of productiveness. Light agricultural railways, cheap freights, the assistance of the Agricultural Bank, the importation and sale of stock, the preparing of land for settlement by ringbarking and clearing, and the provision of water supplies, constitute inducements to settlement that are just beginning to be appreciated, not only by people in other parts of the world, but by those living in the state.

Repayments extending over *thirty* years! If Australia can do that, if she can capitalize a *timberland* proposition for *thirty years*, what ought to be the case in western Canada, where good farming often pays for the prairie land in one year, and the improvements the next? A problem? Where is the problem beyond that of administration? The proof? In the name of reason what more proof is needed? We appeal to men, not children, and the destinies of Canada are in the hands of strong and able men. No nation has abler leaders.

If such leaders pause, they must pause only through conservatism, through respect for precedent. Yet what has actually been precedent? Canada has been one of the most liberal nations in the world in its promotion and its financial support of great railway enterprises. She gave a king's ransom to her first great railway, princes' ransoms again and again to others. She is even in part a railway builder in person. For what purpose all this use of her people's money? Was it wrong? No. It was right. But for what purpose? To build a country. That is all we ask. Is a country builded without a population? Can a railway be supported in western Canada by any save a population of practical farmers? If it be right to finance a railway, is it not quite as right—is it not fundamentally, logically, and governmentally *far more* wise and desirable *to finance the planting of a practical support for that railway?* Is that not business? If it be not done, will not the danger of the American invasion continually grow? To a cold and impartial reason the corollary goes with the theroem, the aided settler with the aided railway, the one as shrewdly administered as the other; and the need for *both* as plain as the need of strong troops at a dangerous part of the line, with a supply train running back to the supporting base. We appeal to men, not children, and not faint hearts; and that appeal is in the name not of selfishness, but of good to an empire, and a world.

In the name of cold and impartial reason, let us ask once more, what is the case in western Canada, where almost nothing needs to be done in the way of preparing the land for farming—where plowing and seeding are the only operations antecedent to a crop valuable enough to pay for the entire land itself? Is it not to be supposed that there also *the soil plus even partially skilled labor, will be equal to banking interest plus a home?*

If this be true—and it is not only *theoretically* true but is proved to be *practically* true under *harder conditions*—then is it not safe to say that our problem is solved, that philanthropy and hard-headed business may go hand in hand in the solution of the greatest and most distressing problem of the day? If this be true—*and it is true*—may we not say that we have won our case herein? If this be true—*and it is true*—may not England,

Canada and the United States, all of them interested in the same problem and in the same future, each face that future not only with equanimity but with cheerfulness?

The world never was so rich and never so poor as it is to-day. The welfare of the world, the welfare of any nation, is the welfare of the *average man*. Does it not seem inevitably logical that the next great thing in the air is to be the bringing together of these extremes in the establishment of a philanthropical yet practical average? Wealth does not help poverty by charity. Charity does not upbuild humanity. But practical philanthropy as we have outlined it here, not only can, but in every likelihood will, not only help humanity but insure prosperity to more than one nation troubled with those problems which the advance of its civilization has brought home.

Now comes conservatism. Now comes England, which does not change, —and which rots because it does not change,—and says: "We never have done this thing."

Comes religion and says: "We have never trafficked in men's goods, but in their souls. We cannot change."

Now come all the members of the government, and say: "This visionary absurdity would cost too much—for that it would cost our official heads to dream of it; we cannot change."

Now comes vague philanthropy, and says: "We always have dipped at the old sink, and we cannot change."

Lastly, comes racial sentiment, and says—what is not the truth: "We dare not change, because we love a flag."

Very good, each and all. *Do not* change! Go on! You are perhaps wise as this writer, perhaps wiser, for that might be easy. Only, be sure of one thing. Even if you do not change, none the less the *world* will change, and its requirements with it. There is no philosophical hope for the endurance of the present state of matters in England and the United States. Be sure that it will change

Do not change, you who are so wise. Rest secure in your wisdom. Employ your old plans, which have failed. But some day later look at two pictures. They are yours to look at now, if you like. One is a picture of a pleasant trellised field, grown high with strong plants. The other is a picture of the assembled cocksure gods, with a black, growing Satyr compelling them to dance to what sort of piping best pleases him. What does wealth wish? Which does it desire, Socialism, or Practical Philanthropy? It comes to that choice.

Ah, what fleeting, evanescent interpreters are we!

THE END.

A KIND OLD WORLD

BY S. E. KISER.

"IT'S a kind old world," he said,
When fortune came his way;
A little child lay dead
Across the street that day;
"It's a glad old world," he sang,
"A good old world!" and high
Above his singing rang
A mother's hopeless cry.

A NEW YORK WOMAN AMONG THE CANAYENS

BY JEAN BLEWETT

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

MRS JEAN BLEWETT

NOBODY is concerned about race suicide in this quaint old province of Quebec. I go into the home of a habitant farmer to ask for a drink of water from the well. A plump, dark-eyed woman of thirty-nine or forty welcomes me, and plump dark-eyed youngsters of all ages run to cover like a brood of frightened partridge.

The woman gives me milk in a flowered bowl, with a slice of sweet rye bread, and invites me to stay and rest.

"Are all these children yours?" I ask with interest

"Yaas, mine. Dey not all home—some boy at work, some girl at school. How many? Seex boy, an' nine girl, nice leetle familee." This without a shade of boasting in her tones. Evidently she deems fifteen a common achievement

Her cousin Philomel, she goes on to say, has twenty-three children of her own. The wife of one Jacques has nineteen, and Marie Laconte, in the parish below, has twenty-one.

"Is every married woman the mother of such—such armies of children?" I ask, wonderingly

The dark-eyed person shakes her head and informs me there are families that do not number more than eight. She says it pityingly. She is no gossip, this busy woman, but when she alludes to the mothers of "not more dan eight'" there is that in the shrug of her shoulders which tells you she has no great opinion of the woman who falls so far short of the good example set her.

"You come off de States? Oui, oui. A great plaintee of girl and boy dere, I s'pose?" she says with such innocent interest that I am moved to enlighten her on this head

"I come from New York," I begin, as I take the chair she dusts for me with the tail of her cotton frock, and beckon the least shy of the gaping throng of babies to come and make friends, "from New York, where the buildings are so high the clouds rest on them at night, so high that you have to be a contortionist to get a peek at the sun when it's right overhead."

"Mon Dieu!" she exclaims, "I lak not dat at all"

"Oh, it doesn't inconvenience us much," I go on airily, "we would rather look at the buildings, anyway As I say, I come from New York where the women—at least the women I know, live in hotels, when they are not on yachts, or seeing Europe, or having house parties in the country. Children are not in demand. The fashionable hotels do not want them, yachts aren't built with a view to accommodating them, you couldn't travel abroad with a whole army in tow, and as for the country houses, they look immense, but they are all verandah, conservatory, court and hall. You couldn't locate a nursery in one if you were to try. So you see we are obliged to dispense with your 'plaintee girl and boy'."

She laughs merrily. "Madame will hav de joke, certainment; de roofs are not high up to de clouds, and dere be plaintee chil'ren to laugh and cry;

yaas, Madame mak de fun, dats all. It is one good joke." She evidently thinks I have told a fairy tale instead of sober truth

A cherub, no, a cupid of four detaches himself from the group at the window, and climbs into my lap. He is a dear. To his mother's reproving "Bateese, bad boy, what for you tire de lady out, eh?" he pays not the slightest heed. He has a tale of his own to tell Between the broken English, and a decided lisp, I miss a lot of it, but gather that he esteems me highly, that my hair is lovely like "straw in de fodder-stack," and that when he grows a man he is going to have a watch that goes tickity-tick, lickity-lick, like mine.

"How long you been marry?" breaks in his mother. "Only ten year!" The black eyes which ere this have noted the few grey hairs showing on my temples, also the shadow of coming crows-feet, are raised to mine, and I see written in them plainly—plainly: "Now, I won'er w'y you mak de marry so late? May be you long time waiting for de man to ax you." With her lips she says: "I am but sixteen when I tak Louis Leclerc. An' you have how many chil'ren? You wish me to mak guess, eh! Maybe only seven –yet."

This to the woman who sets up her Lares and Penates on the steenth floor of the Waldorf Astoria!

"I have no children," I return, smiling on her in a superior way, "nor do I want any," I would like to add, if only to dispel the compassionate gloom on her kindly face, but, somehow, with Bateese sitting at ease astride my knees, bunting that dark head of his into my bosom, bestowing adoring glances on my face, my "nice straw hair," and everything about me, I cannot do it. The words stick in my throat. My grandmother was Pennsylvania Dutch, and bore my grandfather eleven sturdy olive branches. I have her blood in my veins It takes more than one generation to obliterate that wonderful thing which some designate "animal instinct," and some "angelic wisdom," and which old time folks term motherhood. It will die out among us after a while. A learned man told me once that a faculty unused was a faculty dead. I wonder—but

"MADAME WILL HAVE DE JOKE, CERTAINMENT"

ROWS OF CABBAGES AND OF MIGNONETTE ALTERNATE IN THE HABITANT'S GARDEN

never mind. Old Omar Khayyam, I suppose was not thinking of childless women, and the regrets which grip them sometimes when he urged:

"Come fill the cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your winter garment of repentance fling;
The bird of time has but a little way
To flutter—and the bird is on the wing."

The black-eyed wife of Louis Leclerc draws her chair closer to mine. It has been the peasant woman to the lady up to this; now it is woman to woman. I am uncomfortable.

"Is it dat madame has not de good healt? Yaas, dat will be de troub', madame is an invaleed," she says in a whisper. "No?" in response to a vigorous shake of my head. "Den," her voice sinking lower yet, "she is maybe marry on old man. Angeline, de sister of me, marry on man w'at is 'gran'pere w'en he tak her before de priest. Dey have no girl an' boy at all. Too bad! Old man w'at marry on young girl might be shamed hese'f, for sure. W'at he tink dat woman goin' to do wit'out no familee, I lak to know."

Her sympathy vexes me for some cause. When I am vexed I am not myself. I tell her a secret which wild horses could not draw from me at another time. "My husband is a hearty, vigorous man *three years my junior*," I say.

Silence, save for the unceasing prattle of the black-eyed brigand on my knee. Then the French woman brings into use a word so weighty it nearly chokes her. "It is one deespensation," she says

THE QUAINT OLD HOME OF THE HABITANT FARMER

solemnly, and goes on to tell me of a woman in like straits who was prayed for in the church, had the dispensation lifted, and afterwards made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre. She wants me to feel that there is still hope.

I have the reputation of being a straight woman—as women of the world go—but I do a dishonest thing now, I allow her to believe that Providence alone is to blame in the matter. It is such an easy way out of it.

"ANGELINE, DE SISTER OF MR, MARRY ON MAN WHAT IS GRAN'PERE"

Among the society women of our great republic, one olive branch is counted a plenty, two a prodigality, three an error, four a crime, more than four a disgrace to be lived down. Child-bearing is out of the fashion at present. Time may change this. The crinoline threatens to come in again, the long-shouldered tight-fitting bodice and full skirt of our grandmothers are already with us, and who shall say that the old-fashioned family circle of nine, ten, eleven, may not be revived. If so, heaven help the first arrivals. We will be so unprepared. The dressmaker and ladies' tailor do much for us when we change our costumes, but who can we turn to when it comes to changing our customs?

The athletic among us have golfed, and rowed, and walked, and mountain-climbed all the soft fullness which spells motherliness from our bodies, and the rest have lost it in heated rooms, theatres, going off in mad canters after culture. Padded hips and make-believe bosoms are not going to stand us in good stead when it comes to carrying a child, bearing a child, and rearing a child.

But if I were to explain all this to the happy, healthy woman beside me she would not understand. It would be impossible to open her eyes to the difficulties of my position. Were I to picture that suite of rooms at the hotel she would not realize its grandeur; were I to explain that I am almost obliged to be a member of the "Woman's Club," as a membership in its charmed circle is the same as a certificate of respectability; a member of the "Round Table" to prove my intellectuality; a member of the "Thirteen Club" to prove my superiority—to say nothing of the four or five other clubs which prove my fondness for having a pleasant time, she would only look dazed. If I were to tell her the simple truth that I have no babies of my own because I have not time, nor strength, nor money to spend on them, that most of the women of my set have no babies for the very identical reason, she wouldn't believe it. I can see her smile as she exclaims: "Madame will have de joke, oui, oui. Madame will mak de fun." She would think it another fairy tale told for her amusement. Decidedly it is best to let her cherish the "dees-pensation" idea

* * * * * *

Dr. Drummond, the poet who depicted the life and character of this peaceful prolific people to a nicety,

makes an old habitant farmer say something. That something occurs to me as I sit in the embrace of that boldest of lovers, Bateese, and look around on that "nice leetle familee" of Louis Leclerc.

"You t'ink heaven love de Yankee man,
De Yankee woman, too,
So moch He love de Canayen?
I don' know."

* * * * * *

I don't know either. I am getting notions in my head. You can hardly help getting them here in old Quebec. I must hie me back to New York—we have no time for notions there.

THE NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL

BY W. F. STEEDMAN

FROM the shimmering Pacific to the broad Atlantic swell,
From the ridges of the Rockies, o'er the fair Dominion's breast,
To the shores of old Acadia, where the fisher people dwell,
There's a new road in the making that will link the East and West.

Speeding swiftly o'er the metals as they glisten in the sun,
Lying straight across the country in a double band of steel,
The great steam horse of commerce will glory in its run,
And the spirit of the century will sing within the wheel

Over mountain huge and hoary, over prairie rolling broad,
By the roar of rushing torrent and the murmur of the stream,
Through the silence of the forest, where the fir-cones strew the sod,
By the shores of mighty waters, where the summer wavelets gleam.

When the final spike is driven in the road that is to be,
And the first far-sounding whistle echoes down the iron way,
Then East and West shall be as one—and sea be joined to sea,
And the sunrise of the Future gild an Empire with its ray.

A SQUADRON, 19TH ALBERTA MOUNTED RIFLES

ALBERTA'S SOLDIERS OF THE KING

BY KATHERINE TRENT

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

ALTHOUGH this marvellous West has forged ahead tremendously in every way, it comes as a surprise to many to find that the western provinces have several well-filled and equipped regiments, quite able to hold their own in comparison with the older military organizations of the East.

Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, has two of the best of these, the 19th Alberta Mounted Rifles and the 101st Edmonton Fusiliers

Commanding the former of these is Lieut.-Col. R. Belcher, C. M. G. Col. Belcher is one of the pioneers of the West, having been one of the first men to join the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, with whom he saw active service in the rebellion of '85, and also in the South African war, when he had the honor of being second in command of the Strathcona Horse, under Col. S. Steele, C.B., M. V. O. Col. Belcher possesses three medals and the C. M G decoration, for services in Canada and South Africa, and the history of his adventures in the early days of the West would fill a volume

Second in command of the Alberta Mounted Rifles is Major S. S. Paton. Major Paton received his first military training in the Queen's Own Regiment, Toronto. He came to the West while still a young man and took up ranching, finally settling in Edmonton. He saw active service with the Strathcona Horse in South Africa, and possesses the Queen's Medal with four clasps. In 1906 he took an active part in organizing the Canadian Mounted Rifles in Edmonton—a part so active that he may truly be called the organizer of what afterwards became the Alberta Mounted Rifles. He commanded A squadron, Canadian Mounted Rifles, until the formation of the present regiment

LIEUT.-COL. E. B. EDWARDS K. C.
Commanding 101st Edmonton Fusiliers

The Adjutant of the Alberta Mounted Rifles is Lieut. H. G. Forster, who began his military service in the Tees Division, Royal Engineers, England, serving five years. During this time he also took a long course in infantry training at Richmond barracks, afterward attending the school of musketry at Hythe, and later joining the Yorkshire Hussars. When hostilities began in South Africa, he took service with the First Battalion Imperial Yeomanry, became sergeant, then captain, organizing his own company in a rural corps, which afterwards became the city battalion of Peterboro, known as the 57th. From captain to finally commanding the battalion was the natural sequence of events with Col. Edwards, who subsequently became brigade-major at Niagara, later receiving a temporary appointment as brigadier in command of the Fifth Infantry brigade, which was followed by his receiving

OFFICERS 19TH ALBERTA MOUNTED RIFLES

Top Row—left to right—Lieutenants Ogilvie Chambers, Mays, Wilken, Hardisty, Sutherland, Bucknell Whittaker, Hayes, Bonnear.
Centre Row—left to right—Lieut. Jackson; Captains Carmichael, Norquay, Daniel; Lieut. Hislop, Captains Greenshields, Marriott, Lessard.
Front Row—left to right—Lieut. Deslauriers, Lieut. Adjutant H. G. Forster, Major de Blois Thibadeau, Majors C. Paton, Lieut. Col. Belcher, C.M.G., Major F. C. Jamieson, Major P. Aylen, Ven. Archdeacon Gray.

and earned the Queen's Medal with four clasps. Lieut. Forster has been connected with the Mounted Rifles in Edmonton since its organization in 1906.

The 101st, the Edmonton Fusiliers, is commanded by Lieut.-Col. E. B. Edwards, K. C., who has thirty years' untiring, painstaking efforts to his credit, beginning as a private in the Queen's Own. Three years later, he command of the Seventh Infantry brigade.

It speaks volumes for this untiring veteran that this appointment, which is one of the highest in the Canadian militia, he relinquished in order to undertake his part in the organization of the Edmonton city corps, of which he is the enthusiastic commanding officer. It has not been Col. Edwards' good fortune to see active service; but

MAJOR W. F. W. CARSTAIRS
Edmonton Fusiliers

the fame of many men who did, both in the '85 rebellion and the South African campaign, is greatly due to the early training they received under this unassuming officer, who is doing all in his power for king and country with his military work, as well as in his private capacity as a lawyer. Anyone coming into personal relations with Col. Edwards cannot but be reminded of that good old fashioned expression, "an officer and a gentleman".

Major W. F. W. Carstairs is another ex-Mounted Policeman, who, like Col. Belcher, saw active service in the '85 rebellion. Being ambitious for a wider military field, he sat for his examination in England, which he passed with credit, and obtained a commission in command of a native regiment in Nigeria. While in this capacity, he originated and successfully carried out many schemes for the improvement and advancement of the country, and the natives in his charge. He saw active service in the Ishan and Ulia countries, and also in the Aro expedition, and possesses three medals. Major Carstairs is another untiring military worker, and has been instrumental in bringing the musketry work of the Alberta Mounted Rifles to its present satisfactory state. He is now engaged with Col. Edwards in bringing the Edmonton Fusiliers into what promises to be a high state of efficiency. With two such officers at the head of affairs, the future of this regiment is assured.

Captain W. H. Ketchum, a son of the late Judge Ketchum, of Cobourg, is the popular adjutant of the 101st. He is well known in Edmonton, where he is a leader in all athletic and outdoor sports, especially in curling and cricket. He has had previous military experience in the Third Victoria Rifles, Montreal.

In 1906 what was then known as the Canadian Mounted Rifles was organized, being composed of three independent squadrons, A, B and C, with headquarters respectively at Edmonton, Strathcona and Fort Saskatchewan.

Major S. C. Paton was authorized to organize A squadron, composed of four troops; Major F. C. Jamieson, also a South African veteran, commanding B, and Major P. Aylen, commanding C squadrons. On June the 8th, 1906, the Canadian Mounted Rifles went under canvas for the first annual training, under command of Lieut.-Col. Mac-

LIEUT. ADJUTANT H. G. FORSTER

Donell, who won his D. S. O. by distinguished service in South Africa. This regiment in embryo had the honor of being inspected by the Right Hon. Matthew, Lord Aylmer, then inspector general of the forces in Canada. The camp was situated in one of the most beautiful natural camping grounds anywhere in Canada, a ravine on the river bank, overlooked by Edmonton on the north and Strathcona on the south. It is now used by the Edmonton Golf Club. This lovely place was chosen for the first drilling and instruction of the troops. To Edmontonians generally, it was a decided novelty, and many were the visitors to camp.

The officers, assisted by their wives, rose to the social side of the occasion, and gave a series of very enjoyable at homes, at one of which Lord Aylmer, who completely won every one by his frank and genial manner, was present.

The first of July saw the breaking up of camp, the last day being marked by a regimental march past and other military manœuvres, at the opening of the annual exhibition, before His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta. It says much for the efficiency of the officers that although the majority of the men were totally lacking in military experience, yet the inspector general congratulated them sincerely on their recently-acquired efficiency.

In June, 1907, a cavalry brigade camp was held at Calgary, when two regiments and one independent squadron, the Fifteenth Light Horse, of Calgary, went under canvas. This regiment, which was organized on the 3rd of July, 1905, is composed of rough riders that would be hard to equal anywhere outside the West. Their mounts are native ponies, sure-footed and lightning-like in movement, as some of the uninitiated have good cause to remember. The Fifteenth is under the command of Lieut.-Col. Walker.

The second regiment was composed of three independent squadrons from northern Alberta, and a fourth from Medicine Hat, and was commanded while in camp by Major Sissons, of Medicine Hat, while the independent squadron was under command of Major Campbell.

During this camp, Military District No. 13 was organized, including Alberta and the territory of Mackenzie, which interpreted means from the United States boundary on the south to the Arctic Ocean on the north. The district officer commanding in 1907, being Col. S. B. Steele, C. B., M. V. O., succeeded in 1909 by Lieut.-Col. E. A. Cruikshanks. On February 1st, 1908, A, B, C and E squadrons, Canadian Mounted Rifles, were organized into a regiment and called the 19th Alberta Mounted Rifles, with regimental headquarters at Edmonton. As before stated, Lieut.-Col. R. Belcher assumed command, with Major S. C. Paton second in command, Captain B. J. Saunders succeeding him as major in command of A squadron. Lieutenant H. G. Forster was appointed adjutant, and the rest of the regimental staff were: Captain Carmichael, quartermaster; Captain C. Ross Palmer, paymaster; Lieutenant Hislop, medical officer; and Ven. Archdeacon Gray, chaplain. A glance into the militia list shows that for war service record, the officers of this regiment compare most favorably with that of any other corps in Canada.

CAPTAIN RETCHUM
Adjutant Edmonton Fusiliers

THE AT HOME GIVEN BY OFFICERS OF THE CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES TO MEET INSPECTOR GENERAL LORD AYLMER, WHO IS STANDING BARE HEADED IN THE CENTRE OF THE GROUP OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT SITTING IN SEMI-CIRCLE

The latest regiment to be organized in Edmonton is the 101st Edmonton Fusiliers It is composed of eight companies under the command of Lieut -Col E. B Edwards Although instruction in drill only began this spring, the corps makes a smart appearance. In the manner of our kind we quietly but interestedly watch a regiment of this description parading in the streets, and we cannot but realize that these are the young men who are occupying their spare time in strengthening bone, muscle and sinew, and training the eye and hand, in order if called upon to defend the rights and

REGIMENTAL STAFF 19TH ALBERTA MOUNTED RIFLES

Top Row—left to right—Captain Norquay, Paymaster; Captain Carmichael, Quartermaster; A. M. S. Cooper; S. M. Lee; Sergeant Major; Sergeant Groff; Ven. Archdeacon Gray, Chaplain.

Bottom Row—left to right—Lieut. H. G. Forster, Adjutant; Lieut.-Col. R. Belcher, C.M.G., Commanding 19th A. M. R.; Col. S. Steele, C.B., M.V.O., D.C.L., Military District 13, Major; S. C. Paton, Second in Command; Lieut. Hislop, Medical Officer.

BLANKET TOSSING IN THE BRIGADE CAMP AT CALGARY

privileges of their glorious heritage. Surely no mother's heart will tremble with anxiety for her boy at night when she sees that he, along with hundreds more, is benefitting both physically and morally by the routine of drill and discipline, to which he is voluntarily submitting himself. If you doubt this, watch the regiment marching down the street, observe the upright carriage, the keen clear eyes, the steady step of these men. Compare them with the street corner loafer, the frequenter of the pool-room, where you see the sunken-eyed, narrow-chested youth, who is neither a credit to himself, his home nor his country. While in the past, a soldier has been looked down upon, the day of the beer-swilling swashbuckler is gone, and a "soldier and a man" is the term we can apply to the self-reliant, clean-living volunteer of to-day.

We know what our boys have to contend with in time of war, and we know how well in the past they have upheld the flag with honor and glory. In the training of mind and body in time of peace, the officers of the militia have a noble cause to fight for. Col. Edwards and his officers have a mission to fulfill, and a picture of the 101st, marching with rifles at the slope to a band playing an inspiriting march shows how well they are fulfilling this mission.

The cry against "militarism" has been taken up by a portion of the Canadian press; but nevertheless, I believe that more regiments like the 101st, with due discretion in the choice of officers, would be money well spent, both for means of defence, and for character building

I must not forget to mention that although at present the armouries in Edmonton are conspicuous by their absence, nevertheless a change is soon to be made, and a splendid new armoury is to be erected, which will no doubt be a further incentive to officers and men, and will help greatly in fostering the "esprit de corps."

The Awakening of the Little Lord

By Charles Henning Barbour

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

FROM early youth till the day of his death—he was forty-three when that interesting event occurred, following closely upon an afternoon during which it had rained and he had walked home to supper without his rubbers—Jamie's father had been in millinery, and Jamie at eleven looked very like the enlarged crayon of him that stood on its shiny bamboo easel in the corner of the dim parlor between the what-not and Aunt Lucia's nest of tables.

(My, that's a long sentence, but it seems to parse.)

It was not so much Jamie's fault though as it was his mother's.

(She was Arabella Torrington before she married Ernest. You remember Will Torrington's sister—he that kept the livery stable on Liberty street, between Fourth and Maynard. One of *those* Torringtons.)

Besides, you would have guessed straight off that Ernest had been in millinery. I don't know how, quite, but you would. It wasn't his ears (The crayon was a "full face," and you could see them both in relief, as it were, against the pale clouds of background.) And it wasn't his mustache. (If you'd gone by the mustache, you'd have guessed he was a barber.) It was more the aura, the atmosphere around the head—oh, I don't know what. Just to look at Ernest in his imitation silver-bark frame, was enough to tell you he had been in millinery.

Miss Armitage guessed it the first time she saw him on the easel.

(Everybody called him Ernie, that is, everybody but Arabella and Jamie. She never referred to him save as Ernest or m' husban', while to Jamie he was pawpuh, even after he had died and there wasn't anything of him left but the crayon, a thousand dollars' worth of insurance in the Maccabees, and a pair of plaid pants in the back closet, upstairs, over the kitchen.)

Miss Armitage went out sewing and boarded with Arabella for a few months after the bereavement, and when she first came to the house to arrange about it—being a stranger in town—she looked at the portrait on the easel, and catching Arabella's eye, nodded and wrinkled her forehead.

"Yeus," Arabella said, "that was him."

"Didn't he run a millinery store or something?" Miss Armitage asked right off.

Arabella gulped—you know how you

JAMIE LANDED ON THE BACK PORCH LIKE A BAG OF MEAL.

will—She was so surprised, and answered, "Yeus".

"I thought so," said Miss Armitage.

There, you see. Anybody could tell. Mother was in the dining room—she had just run over the back way to borrow a cup of C. sugar—and heard it.

It's funny how you *could* tell, too. And it's only when a man's in millinery that you can, I guess. You'd never know old Eastman was a grocer, just to look at him. Pshaw! Why he looks near enough like Mr. Holton to be his brother, and Mr. Holton isn't a grocer at all. He runs the Atlas Mill. 'Course anybody would know what *he* was, because his clothes are all white and floury. But you'd never be able to guess what anybody *else* in our town did—except Ernie Wadleigh.

He just *looked* like a milliner, and he talked like you'd think a milliner ought to talk.

("Oh, Missus Morton! Don't you like ut? Why, I think ut looks perfectly lovluh on you! And see how the chiffon matches your hair *and* complexion'"

And Jamie, his son—and Arabella's—looked just like him in little, with a promise that he'd be his exact duplicate in forty years. And in all probability he would have been if it hadn't happened; what I'm going to tell you about, I mean.

You see Jamie had the misfortune to be eight years old when "Little Lord Fauntleroy" came out, and one day Ernie brought the book home. He'd read a notice of it in *The Morning Enquirer*, written by Miss Galbraith—Jim Galbraith's sister, you remember, she that was "society editor" of *The Enquirer* so long—and it opened up a new vista to him. He read it to Arabella nights, after Jamie had gone to bed, and it seemed to open up a new vista to her, too.

Anyway, it wasn't any more than a couple of weeks later that Jamie sprung himself on the town—or, rather, his mother sprung him. All alone, Jamie wouldn't have dared

If it hadn't been for his squirrel teeth and his large ears and his pale blue eyes and pug nose, he'd have looked just exactly like the pictures of the little lord in the book, for he had the clothes, all right. You remember what *they* were—patent leather pumps, and long black stockings, and tight velvet panties, and a velvet blouse with a wide sash around it and a deep white collar. Jamie had them. It took quite a while for the curls to grow out, but in time he had them, too

And that wasn't all. Ah-hah! Far from it! He had the patter also. Arabella taught it to him. Trust her! I don't know how long it took, but he had it all, finally. Used to call her "dearust," just like the real little lord, and he called Ernie "pawpuh," right out in front of people too.

Once mother was down at Ernie's Emporium (that was the name of his store, in gold letters on the window), seeing about having her bonnet fixed over, and Arabella came in with Jamie. Mother hadn't seen him in them before, but Mrs. Morton had told her about them, so she was prepared.

"Howdy do? Jamie," mother said.

Jamie grinned and gave his paw as nice as could be.

"Taking a little walk with mamma?" mother asked, trying to lead him on.

"No'm," he replied.

"Why, what are you doing then?" mother inquired.

"Taking a little walk with Dearust," he told her, right out of the book, and then mother said he sort of dodged, as if he thought she was going to hit him. She didn't, though.

You remember in the story there was a grocer by the name of Hobbs—"Mr. Hobbs"—that liked the little lord ever so much and used to tell him fairy tales. So to make Jamie fit the part exactly Arabella would send him on foolish errands down to Eastman's, and tell him not to hurry home, just so he'd loaf around there and be more like the model in the book. Old Eastman, though, wasn't quite like Mr. Hobbs. He didn't seem nearly so much attached to Jamie as Mr. Hobbs had been to the real little lord, and I don't believe he ever told him any stories to speak of. He stood his hanging around the cheese case as long as he could, and then one day, after Jamie had picked the tenth prune out of the box leaning against the counter, he gathered him up, all of a sudden, muttering under his breath, and carried him out in front where George—he drove the wagon for old Eastman—was getting ready to start off on his afternoon delivery.

"George," old Eastman said, "just throw this package on Wadleigh's back stoop as you drive by, will yeh?"

And with that he tossed Jamie—velvet panties, sash, collar, curls, and all—into the wagon. Jamie was too scared even to cry. He just sat there, all the way up the street, shivering, and George, who never failed to do what he was told, didn't fail now. He drove right up to the Wadleigh's back gate, whoaed the horse, and jumping down, snaked Jamie out from among the flour and vegetables. He carried him a little way into the yard and getting a good grip swung him a couple of times, then let go. Jamie landed on the back porch like a bag of meal. Mrs. Mason saw the whole thing from her front window across the street. It like to have broken Jamie's legs and arms, but it didn't. At first Ernie was for suing old Eastman, but he finally decided not to. But the Wadleighs always traded at Harrison's afterwards, and Ernie would never so much as look at old Eastman when he passed around the collection plate in church on Sundays.

"TAKING A LITTLE WALK WITH DEARUST," HE TOLD HER

When mother told father about it that same night after supper—Mrs. Morton had told *her*—I thought father would die laughing

"Good for Eastman," he said, and laughed some more. That was just like father. He never took much stock in Jamie either, but he always smoothed down whatever he said about him, by adding: "But you know his father runs a pom-pom store down town and trims hats." Jamie's full name was James

M. Wadleigh, and father always said the M stood for Myrtle.

But the worst of all was the way Will Torrington carried on; Arabella's brother, you know; the one that kept the livery stable.

Of course, keeping a livery stable like he did, Will couldn't have been expected to be as refined and sensitive as Ernie. There's a lot of difference between horses and aigrettes—almost as much as there is between ostlers and trimmers—but, after all, Will was Jamie's uncle, and that ought to have meant something. It didn't though, or if it did, it meant *more*.

and always wore rubber boots, even on the hottest days in summer. At first—after the vista had opened—Will and the others didn't pay any attention to Jamie at all, didn't even speak to him. But Jamie kept hanging around, just the same, begging old Ben to take him up on the seat with him when he drove down to the depot to meet the 9.18 or the 3.20. But old Ben never seemed to hear. He'd climb up on the box without a word, cluck to the horses, and drive out, leaving Jamie standing in the doorway and looking after him till he turned the corner by the Catholic church and disappeared.

SKINNY WOULD POKE JAMIE'S FACE DEEPER INTO THE MUD "YOU WILL BE A GENTLEMAN WILL YEH, AND WEAR VELVET PANTS?"

Before that new vista was opened up to Arabella and Ernie, Will didn't seem to care how much Jamie hung around the stable, but after the velvet pants came his feelings underwent a great change. And it was the same with the help at the barn, from old Ben Cleaver who's driven a hack in Hampstead since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, as I heard father say once, down to Pickle Towsley, the nigger boy that washed the carriages

You'd think Jamie would have known, wouldn't you? He didn't, though.

And then they began to rag him. One hot August afternoon—Jamie would be ten in September—Will and old Ben and Pickle were sitting out in front of the stable in their shirt sleeves cooling off, and not saying much it was so hot. Jamie was sitting by himself on the step of the little office at one side of the big, wide carriage door.

All of a sudden old Ben brought his feet down and slapped his leg and said:

"By golly, I just knew I'd forgotten something!"

"What you forgot now?" Will asked him.

"To fix them tugs on the off hack harness," old Ben told him, "and there ain't a hole around the barn't I can use."

Will saw through it then.

"Ain't they?" he said, "what'd yeh do with 'em?"

Old Ben wrinkled up his forehead like a frost-bitten apple.

"Le-me-see," he said. "Oh, yes, now I know. I let Billy Greene, up t' Huber's take 'em day 'fore yesterday." He opened his big silver watch. "And the 3.20'll whistle in half an hour," he went on.

Sitting on the step Jamie had heard every word, and something inside him told him that now was the chance he'd been waiting for, to do a favor for old Ben so he'd just *have* to let him ride up on the seat again. So he said:

"Can't I run over and get them for you, Mister Cleaver?"

(Think of anybody calling old Ben "Mister"!)

"Well now, Jamie," he said, winking at Pickle, "I'd be ever so much obliged if you would."

(Remember how the little lord in the story was always doing errands and nice things for old people who had the rheumatism and couldn't get around so very well?)

Jamie was actually fretting to start.

"What is it you want, Mister Cleaver?" he asked.

"Listen here"—old Ben leaned over and laid a forefinger that looked like a sausage in the palm of his other hand —"you run up to Huber's and tell Billy Greene you want them four three-eighths holes I let him take day before yesterday. Got it straight? Tell him Ben Cleaver wants 'em. And hurry back.'

"Yessir," Jamie said.

The sun was blazing down, and there wasn't a soul on the street except those that had to be, it was so awful hot, but Jamie ran.

Pickle Tousley said:

"Ben Cleavah, yo' oughta be hung. Dat chile gitter sun-stroke fo' shuah."

But old Ben only chuckled, wondering what Greene would give Jamie to bring back, and Will said: "Aw lettim," just like that, and he his uncle, too.

Huber's hardware store was 'way up Main street, half a mile away, at least, and there in the shade sat those three—Will and old Ben, and Pickle—waiting for Jamie. Two or three times old Ben looked at his watch, and every time he did he chuckled.

"Mebbe he's totin' a stove," Will said.

It lacked ten minutes of train time, and old Ben was just climbing up on the hack when Jamie came. He had lost his velvet tam-o'-shanter and the sweat had taken out all his curls. There was a hole in the knee of one stocking and his white collar was twisted and rumpled. In his arms, clasping them close to the front of his velvet blouse, he carried four old window weights that must have weighed all of ten pounds apiece.

Will had to get up and go inside and Pickle laid right down there alongside the driveway and dug the toes of his rubber boots in the gravel.

"Were'll I put them?" Jamie asked.

Old Ben climbed down again and took the weights and shoved them under a seat in the hack.

"I'm much obliged," he said, but he didn't ask Jamie to ride with him after all, so Jamie started back up the street, dusting the rust off the front of his blouse, to look for his hat.

"The next time," Will said to Pickle, "we'll send him up to your house and maybe he'll fall off the bridge."

Which shows how Will had changed all on account of Jamie's curls and sash and velvet panties, for he had seemed to like him real well before.

Right along about here is where Skinny Pickett comes in. He was just one of the kids and it hasn't been really necessary to mention him till now. Folks used to say: "There's a chip of the old block for you," when anybody mentioned Skinny's name, for you see when his father was his age all the deviltry that happened in Hampstead

was blamed on him, and rightly too, I guess. And Skinny was just like his father, the same as Jamie was like *his*, only Bill Pickett wasn't at all like Ernie. Well, I should say not!

One day Skinny caught on old Ben's hack coming back from the 3.20, and Jamie saw him from the sidewalk. He made a motion, and old Ben whipped behind. Skinny let right loose and went home with a welt on his cheek like the "self-stitching" on the back of your glove. If Jamie'd only thought, probably he wouldn't have done it, but you see he was all for making himself solid with old Ben and thought snitching would help, which of course it wouldn't, for it never does.

Well, Skinny swore he'd get even—on old Ben and the livery. One day he had the chance and he took it. He sneaked through the alley door of the stable when there wasn't anybody looking and stuck three or four stiff cockle-burrs under the collar of one of the hack horses. On the way to the train the team ran away, threw old Ben off the seat, almost broke his collar bone, and smashed one wheel. And Will found the burrs.

All of a sudden he remembered Jamie had been fooling around in the harness room just before the 3.20. It was circumstantial evidence of course, but it was good enough for Will. As for Jamie, he had no idea what was coming, so he didn't even run. But if ever a little lord in velvet pants and a wide collar and a sash got a whaling from his Uncle Will, Jamie Wadleigh got one that afternoon. Folks 'way up on west Main street by the Congregational church said afterwards that they heard him yell, but thought somebody was moving a house over east.

(You know how the windlass sort of yelps and shrieks when the rope winds around it, and the building squeaks along, inch by inch, on the big wooden rollers.)

And when Will was all through he tossed his velvet nephew out through the back door on the old bedding there as if he were a forkful of straw.

"Yeh snivelling, squirrel-faced, fan-eared rat," he yelled, "hike. And if you ever so much as stick your nose in this place again, I'll bust yeh wide open!"

But Jamie didn't hear all he said, for by the time Will was half through his apostrophe, velvet panties, and oakum curls and what was left of the sash were splitting the weather up Eighth street yelling:

"Dearust! Dearust!! Dearust!!!" at the top of his lungs.

And that very same night Will went up to the house to have a few words with Arabella, and Ernie also, if he happened to be in. He was.

Father heard every breath of it, for it was right after supper, and he'd stepped over to see Ernie about engaging his man to clean up our cellar before he put the winter coal in. He stood on the side porch while Will let out, "rivetted to the spot," as he told mother afterwards.

Will must have said some awful things. He didn't give Arabella or Ernie a chance to put a word in edgewise, but father said there was no mistaking his opinion of either of them for bringing up Jamie in velvet. He called Jamie all the names he could lay his tongue to, and father said they didn't need a lamp in the room at all for Will lit it up as bright as day with his language.

Once Ernie managed to say: "Stop! Stop! Or leave my house! Right away!"

Then Will opened up on him. (A hack wheel costs money, I can tell you, and besides there was old Ben with his collar bone nearly broken). But not once did Will tell them what it was all about. He didn't so much as mention the cockle-burrs. Father knew because somebody down town had told him, but he said Arabella and Ernie were completely dazed.

"And the next time that little hetabby-cat of yours comes around my barn," Will yelled, "I'll give him a worse wollopin' than I did this afternoon!"

With that he stamped out of the house and slammed the screen door so hard it broke one of the hinges.

When he had gone father said Ara-

bella went to the foot of the stairs and called Jamie, and down he came as meek as a kitten.

"Jamie Wadleigh," Arabella said, terrible stern, "you told Dearust a story. You told her a dog chased you this afternoon and it was your Uncle Will."

Then she began to cry, and Ernie went to the window and looked out.

Then Jamie grinned and said: "Don't cry, Dearust, it *was* a dog—Uncle Will was only playing."

Father came unrivetted then and decided he'd better wait till morning to see Ernie, and came home the back way.

When he had told mother all about it, he said: "And the little cuss never let on what had really happened at all. What do you think of that?"

Mother didn't know what to think, and I didn't either—then. But that was the last of Jamie at the livery stable, and whenever old Ben saw him from his seat up on the hack and shook his whip at him and made as if he was coming right down to whale him, by the time his foot touched the tire Jamie wasn't anywhere in sight, only 'way up the street maybe there'd be a yard of silk sash standing straight out in the air stiff and rigid. Then old Ben would settle back on the seat and tuck the blanket under his legs and chuckle.

You understand, of course, that all this took place during vacation, which made it especially hard for Jamie, as none of the other boys would have anything to do with him except to poke faces at him and call him "siss-cat". You know how boys will.

So, mostly, he stopped at home with "Dearust" and learned to do tatting and knitting on a spool with pins stuck in it.

The boys used to see him in the window when they passed the Wadleigh's on the way to the river to go in swimming, but Jamie never came out. His mother used to tell him, so the people said, that she wanted her little lord to be a gentleman, and that gentlemen never even so much as *wanted* to play with great, rough boys. I remember father came home one night laughing, and when mother asked him what was the matter, he said he'd seen Jamie at the window, and the only thing in the world he could think of was the wax flowers Aunt Lucia used to have under a glass globe on the table in the corner of her parlor.

But as far as that was concerned, there was only one of the boys that really wanted Jamie to come out. I mean Skinny Pickett. The fact of the matter was Skinny's mother would have had him wearing velvet pants and a sash if it hadn't been for Skinny himself and his father.

(Every time I think of Skinny Pickett's father in velvet panties I have to laugh, even if my lip *is* cracked.)

You see she was what you've heard called "a mild little party," and how Mr. Pickett—(the backs of his hands were all covered with freckles, and when he laughed his stomach shook like lemon jelly)—ever came to marry her nobody in Hampstead could tell. She was just as nice as she could be but—oh, well, you know— So if she couldn't dress Skinny like Arabella did Jamie—because of Skinny and Mr. Pickett—she did the next best thing. She tried to make him *act* like the little lord. Whenever Skinny came in all covered with mud, Mrs. Picket would clasp her hands and say: "Oh, Wilfred, why *can't* you keep neat and clean like little Jamie Wadleigh?"

(That was his name, you know—Wilfred—but nobody but his mother ever called him anything but Skinny.)

Or, when he'd throw a piece of meat at the cat during supper and make Mr. Pickett laugh, Mrs. Pickett would say: "Wilfred, *can't* you behave? Why don't you act like Jamie Wadleigh at the table?"

And all such talk, you know, enough to make a boy wish he'd never been born. Day in, day out, that's all Skinny ever heard from his mother: "Why can't you walk like Jamie Wadleigh and not slouch along so?"—"Why can't you talk right up like Jamie Wadleigh and not mumble your words that way?"—"Why can't you behave like Jamie Wadleigh and not make everybody uncomfortable when you're around?" Just as the angel in the book was Arabella's model for Jamie,

so was Jamie Mrs. Pickett's model for Skinny, only some way the one worked and the other didn't. Mr. Pickett seemed to realize it never would, so he didn't interfere—just listened to Mrs. Pickett, and winked at Skinny and let his stomach shake.

Well, Skinny stood it just as long as he could, and then he began to plot and plan. Finally, when he had everything decided, he told another one of the fellows, and he agreed to help. For three days the pair of them laid in wait for Jamie in the alley just before you get to Harrison's grocery store on Liberty street. Sooner or later they knew Jamie's mother would send him down for half-a-pound of chipped beef, or a can of salmon, or some starch or something, and sure enough, on the fourth day she did. It was starch.

Skinny and the other fellow waited till he'd got it and come out of the store, then the other fellow went to the mouth of the alley and called to him.

"Jamie, oh, Jamie, come on in here a minute, I want to tell you something." And Jamie came, the bag of starch under his arm. The other fellow was very secretive about it, and led him around the turn in the alley where the mud was the deepest and a lot of old soap-boxes and barrels, and packing cases always stood. "Now I'm going to tell you," the other fellow said. That was Skinny's cue. He jumped out from behind a barrel, yelling: "Lemme git at him! Lemme git at him!" There wasn't anything left for the other fellow to do at all. Skinny did everything. And for the next six minutes that alley was full of red hair and yellow curls and silk sashes and broken suspenders and velvet panties and overalls. They knocked against boxes and barrels and scratched and gouged and then Jamie went to mud, face down with Skinny on top of him.

"You will behave, will yeh?" And Skinny would poke Jamie's face deeper into the mud. "You will be a gen'leman, will yeh, and wear velvet pants?" And he'd lam him on one side of the head. "You will wear a sash and curls, will yeh, and look like a sissy?" And he'd lam him on the other side. Then, just to make the job complete, he rubbed the starch into the mud that was plastered all over Jamie, and let him up. Jamie didn't blubber much. He couldn't. He had too much mud in his mouth. But you never saw a kid get out of an alley any quicker than he did. As for Skinny and the other fellow, they dropped over the fence and legged it for home.

Now right here begins the most curious part of the whole thing. Listen.

Jamie's mother wasn't at home when he got there. She had run over to our house to borrow a little baking soda, so she didn't see him till maybe twenty minutes later. She didn't know he'd come, even, till she heard him upstairs. She went to the foot and called him, and because he didn't answer she ran up.

I was out in the kitchen with mother when she shrieked—Arabella, I mean. And the next minute the Wadleigh kitchen screen-door flew open, and Arabella fairly shot across the back yard, and up the steps and into our kitchen, where she flopped right down into the nearest chair, and throwing her apron up over her head, rocked back and forth and moaned.

"For the land's sake, Belle Torrington, what ails you?" mother screamed, and she shook her by the shoulder, but Arabella only mumbled something nobody could have understood and moaned harder.

"What's that you said?" mother asked her, right sharp, for she was considerable excited, too.

"It's Jamie, my darling Jamie; he's lost his mind," Arabella sobbed.

Then mother calmed right down and said: "I wouldn't worry 'bout *him* losing his mind if I was you."

(She told father that night the words fairly jumped out of her mouth, but there was no harm done. Arabella was too wrought up to understand what *anybody* said to her then.)

Well, by and by, mother got her quieted down enough to tell what had happened. She wasn't any too lucid, but mother managed to make out that Jamie was at home doing something that nobody would ever have suspected him of doing. It seems when Arabella

opened the door of his room after calling to him from the foot of the stairs without getting any answer, she saw him sitting in his under-drawers in the middle of the floor. In one hand he had the butcher knife and in the other a big pair of gardener's shears that Ernie had bought to trim the hedge with. His velvet suit was covered with mud and a white stuff that looked like plaster (it was starch though), but what nearly killed Arabella on the spot was to see what he had done to the suit. He had cut it all to shreds, just strings and tatters, and was beginning on his curls. Arabella just naturally lost her senses then and ran over to our house. "But where'd he get the mud on him in the first place?" mother asked her.

"He said he fell down," Arabella wailed.

(Not a werd about Skinny, and the alley back of Harrison's and the other fellow, mind you.)

And would you believe it, Arabella wouldn't stir a step back to her house unless mother would go with her. So mother went. During Arabella's absence Jamie had taken time by the forelock, also himself. He was snipping off the last curl as they opened the door, mother first, Arabella after her, clinging to her skirt and sobbing. Jamie turned and grinned, showing all his squirrel teeth, and wiggling his ears, which looked larger than ever now that his curls were gone. There they lay, strewn all about him on the floor like pine shavings, and in the midst of them, like a Phœnix in the ashes—Jamie—in his under-drawers, for he had cut up the long stockings, too, and shredded the pumps.

Mother gasped. And then she laughed. That was one of the nicest things about mother. She always knew when to laugh.

"Now, Belle," she said, "you just go down stairs and let me talk to Jamie." Arabella was too far gone to argue, so she went.

What mother said to Jamie I don't know, but after a few minutes she ran back to our house and got an old pair of my overalls and a shirt-waist with horse shoes on it and a band—you know the kind, you button your pants on the band—and a pair of my shoes. You see, Arabella didn't have a thing in the house for Jamie to put on but another suit of the velvet regalia, and—oh, well, it was as plain as the nose on your face that she might as well give *that* away then as later, that is, unless she wanted to keep it—like rosemary—for remembrance, which I think was what she did.

And then mother made her promise she wouldn't scold Jamie, or let Ernie speak harshly to him—(Ernie couldn't do more than speak harshly, for it wasn't in him)—and that she'd take him down town in the morning and let Gus Weinburg shingle his hair. Arabella struggled a little, but finally she gave in and promised. Then mother came home and we had biscuits for supper.

After supper a lot of the kids gathered under the electric light down on the corner, the same as they always had. There was Skinny Pickett, and Chubb Letson, and Bumble Snodgrass, and Doc. Thornton and two or three other fellows. Somehow the news of Jamie's awakening had gotten out—for it was just that—an awakening. For you see, 'way down deep in him he was just a kid after all. The siss-cat part was only on top, like the velvet, and he'd never realized till Skinny drove his face into the mud behind Harrison's grocery and *told* him, just why it was, and how, that he was different. Well, the fellows there under the electric light were talking it over when down the street came Jamie in my clothes, and his hair looking like it had been chewed off by an absent-minded horse.

"Ullo, fellers," he said just as if he'd always been one of us.

Then he made direct for Skinny, grinning and showing his squirrel teeth.

"Ullo, Skinny," he said, holding out his hand, "want a napple?"

Skinny gulped. "Ullo, Jim," kind o' dazed, and took the apple.

That was all; just the best Jamie—I mean Jim—could do by way of showing Skinny how much he appreciated what he'd done.

Where do I come in? Oh, never mind about me.

How long ago? Hum—hum—let

me see—nine—ten—Jim's father died the next year, and there were those in town who said it was the shock that killed him—twelve—sixteen years ago —yes, that's it, sixteen years ago this summer.

What became of who? Oh, Jim? See that sign over there? No, not there, on the window with the bathtub in it? Can't you see that far? You'd better get some glasses— Well, it says:

WADLEIGH & PICKETT
PLUMBERS

There's Jim—in the door now—in his shirt sleeves. How are you, Jim? What's that? The girl? His wife; who'd you think it was. Been married almost a year— What?

AT THE SCREECHER CAMP

BY JOHN V. BORNE

Author of "The Father of Innisfree," "The Port," etc

THE Screecher is miles and miles from any regular habitation of civilized man. Its peculiar name indicates nothing peculiar about its aspect, although the main building of the camp is said to be right over the tomb of the Caduskah giant. It is not finally proved that there was a Caduskah giant, so his place of sepulture has, mainly, a traditional interest.

I could not learn exactly why the camp is called the Screecher; any more than I could discover why one of the lakes we passed through on the way to Indian Gardens is called the Hopper. They talked about Wildcat Point, and Bear Island, and Sixth Lake and Cegemecaga; and gave some believable account of why these features of Rossignol geography were so nominated. It is impossible to sift things down to historical certainties during one expedition around a chain of island-filled lakes. What you do learn excites your curiosity and makes you want to come back to get really acquainted with a country of so much fascination as the region of Lake Rossignol.

The Caduskah giant was a Micmac Indian who performed prodigies of amorous valour; who was chased by the relatives of damsels who surrendered themselves to his robust beauty; until, at last, he was defeated beside the brook which connects Fourth Lake with Third Lake, and was buried where he fell. The chronicle of his times was not written by any veracious contemporary. When you go to Caledonia and find your way to the Lake of many lakes, that goes by the map name of Rossignol, you may get a new complete story of the Caduskah Goliath. At the Screecher you may be shown the spot whence, before the Screecher was built, long thigh bones were disinterred, with other bones, none of which were like unto the jawbone of an ass.

The Screecher location is favorable enough ground for bringing a giant to his end. Third Lake and Fourth Lake connect by a rock-filled brook, which, when the water is high enough, can be navigated by an unloaded boat. Three hundred yards away is the sixty-foot portage,—in Nova Scotia a portage is a "carry," wherein is no tribute to the French who were the earliest exploiters of this outskirt of long-vanished Acadie. Brook or carry, the passage from lake to lake is surrounded by trees, and the Giant, camping, canoeing or carrying, could as easily be brought down here as anywhere.

The Screecher was built because,

besides being a good place in itself, it is the most convenient base for fishing and moose hunting. That a New Yorker recently bought the camp is some extra-positive proof of the wisdom of the builder of the Screecher, and sure sign that as the news about Rossignol spreads, its solitudes will give place to nature students, sunbaskers, fishermen, boat-users,—to all the company of holiday-makers who know where to find the Good Things.

* * * * * *

We were crossing Fourth Lake on the way to a choice stretch of moose country, back of Fifth Lake. Smart and Banks were in a canvas craft, and I with old Jim Sherriffs in his own substantial boat. Jim was born in a hunting camp, or in a boat, I think. The water was low, and more than once we were rockbound. To me the water looked black and more than commonly dangerous. When we could not wriggle the boat off the rock, Jim just emitted an assuring groan, stood up as easily as though he were in the Alton Hotel, put a foot into the water till it touched the boat's resting place, pushed her till she was afloat, and resumed his rowing,—I believe he could cross any of the eight lakes in his sleep, rest on every rock, and resume locomotion without waking.

Jim throws in a varied amount of talk with the service you buy for two dollars a day and his board. His speech is low and slow, as if, between words, he might hear the saw of a bull's horn against the birches. He reserves most of his laughter for a victorious moment in camp, when he and his partner have won more tricks than modest players really care to bother with. He has killed so many moose that the pursuit of them does not excite him to enthusiasm. His only avowed emotion is regret when his employer's just anticipations have been disappointed,—for more moose are missed by excited men than the records confess

I have a friend who dedicated his admirable book on the ouananiche to a true sportsman whom he described as "A friend of the ouananiche;" his amity towards the Quebec fighting fish being attested by the number he had killed. In the same sense. Jim Sherriffs is a friend of the moose,—his admirer in life and death; chiefly in death. I had heard of the rifle which had been the main expression of his regard for the otherwise friendless moose; and drew him to speak of it without repeating what I had been told.

"I have an old rifle some place," he said, "that I used a good deal at one time. She was an Enfield-Snider, and I got her through an English officer at Halifax, who came out with me two or three years. Are them fellers much ahead of us? Their boat's lighter than this and you're a pretty big man. How much do you weigh?"

"They're not far," said I, "and I don't weigh much. Do you use that rifle now?"

"Oh, the rifle. No, I can't say I do. She's at home, played out, I guess. But the British Government stopped making ammunition about the time I quit using her. The bore wasn't much good then. But I did very well with her. I didn't owe her nothing. She did a good deal for me. They ain't got to the brook, have they? The landing's a little to the right of a big pine standing out of the bush by itself; do you see it?"

"No," I replied, "they are a long way from the pine, and we're gaining on them."

"Are we," asked Jim, and looked around to see. "Maybe I don't row as fast as I used to. I mind coming across here one night just before sundown to a camp a little east from where the Screecher is now,—in twenty minutes. We saw a little too much smoke close to the carry, and thought some fool had come along and set our camp afire. We found an Englishman lately sent to the garrison at Halifax, who had caught some trout and was trying to smoke them for supper."

I looked at Jim, hitherto unsuspected of inventing tales about the British. His face had no more expression than you would look for in a man reading an epitaph. He had already forgotten more about the English as a sportsman, than I had ever known.

"Can you see a point of land just east of the nose of the next island?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered. "There's a bunch of poplars among the birch, and they're yellow already."

"Well, just in there I got the biggest moose I ever killed. All by luck too. I was over there with my wife, picking cranberries. She had come to the tent by the shore, to get lunch ready, leaving me in the bog about fifty yards from the shore. While I was picking I heard something in the bushes, and at first I thought it was my wife. But when I looked I could see a birch sapling waving pretty hard, from a moose rubbing his horn on it. I slipped away to the tent, for the rifle, and when I got back he was walking off. The first shot hit him too far behind the shoulder. The next downed him, and I went up to see him die. He wasn't dead and when he saw me he got up, in about as ugly a temper as ever I'd seen anything of his kind. I'd only brought two cartridges, and hustled back for more. But I didn't need them, for he was dead when I came again. Are they at the landing yet?"

"Yes," I said, "they've got the boat half through the brook. What did you make of that moose? You say he was the biggest you ever killed?

"Oh, yes, a dandy. He weighed nine hundred pounds, dressed meat The horns weren't the biggest, but the evenest I ever saw. I had the meat, and sold the head to a gentleman from Connecticut for thirty dollars. I never had such luck cranberry picking, before or since."

"Was it the army rifle that did it?"

"Yes, the Enfield-Snider."

"How many had you killed up to that time?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you know how many moose you've killed?"

"No sir, not exactly. I put a notch on the stock of that rifle every time I killed a moose with it."

"And how many notches are there?"

"Sixty-seven."

"That's the most interesting thing you've said. Why didn't you tell me that at first?"

"Why didn't you ask me, sir? I wasn't thinking about it. Ain't they at the landing yet?"

I cared nothing about the landing and told him I was more interested in his moose stories.

"I forget most of them," said Jim. "I've been at the killing of a hundred and ninety-seven,—most of them for other people. You couldn't make some people kill a moose if he was tied to a tree. As a rule, the bigger greenhorn a man is, the bigger the moose and the closer he comes. I'm told they're putting moose-hunting stories in the magazines now. But it's them they leave out that are the best. The way some people hunt would make you laugh if it wasn't so damned exasperating."

We bumped against a rock.

"And that," said Jim, "is what comes of talking instead of tending to business. I didn't think the landing was so close."

WHERE THEY PASS

BY S. E. KISER

MEN are as breezes and as storms that blow
A million like the zephyrs, gently sweep
Along and leave no trace, where great ones go
The wreckage lies in many a tangled heap.

The Changeling

by Madge Macbeth
Author of "The Intruders" etc.

Illustrated by L. J. Herndon

Fay Chester, an orphan, was the daughter of a clergyman who had married an actress of the emotional school. The girl's temperament combined the physical magnetism of her mother with the keen intellect of her father. Escaping from the too ardent attentions of one of her admirers, Gordon Wylde, she makes a visit to her cousin, Chester Sayre and his wife, Lorna, who are not only in poor circumstances but are struggling under the burden of Chester's continued ill-health. In their adversity, Chester's friend, Clinton Northrop, is a tower of strength, lending them his advice and help in all their difficulties. Lorna unconsciously compares the two men, her husband and Clinton Northrop, and finds herself wishing that her husband were more like Northrop in character, as he is, oddly enough, in looks. On the other hand, Northrop's interest in Lorna's strong personality grows, day by day. Fay, in the meantime, becomes somewhat disturbed in spirit when Gordon Wylde comes to town to renew his attentions to her. She rejects his suit and he distresses her by suggesting that Lorna and Clinton Northrop are in love with each other. Chester becomes much worse and is sent to a sanitarium at Saranac. Meanwhile, Clinton remains to protect Laura.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Of course he was Chester's friend. He realized, with something like irritability, that had their relations not been what they were—however, nothing could be gained by following a futile "if". He found it impossible to understand the phase of Sayre's character which allowed him to throw the burden of misery on Lorna, not only asking her to share his suffering, but to assume the greater part of it. Northrop realized keenly how she would be haunted by the thought that perhaps Chester blamed her for insisting on his going, and he wondered just how possible it would be for him to sit passive, and watch her torturing herself. Being so strong himself, it was difficult for him to understand the sort of weakness which is dependent on a woman's strength.

To some men the knowledge of strength in a dearly-loved woman stimulates them to greater efforts, and they try at least to equal, if not surpass her, building on the basis of the nobility she has inspired. Northrop was one of these. But in Chester, the certainty that his wife was so much his superior, bred a dependence, thoughtless in its childishness and amounting almost to laziness. He was unable to forego the sweetness of being cared for, and gave himself up to it with absolute abandon.

Northrop wondered first how much Lorna wished this, and then how much was thrust upon her.

He repeated his question.

"What am I going to do?" Lorna asked, absently. "Just listen to the baby coughing—" She rose: "I will tell—"

"Don't go," begged Clinton, laying his hand on her arm. "Nanny is there, and really, Lorna, you have the rest of us—them, to think of. I suppose you don't know how ill you look," he finished, lamely, conscious that he could not say what he wished.

Lorna sank down again and closed her eyes for an instant, deliciously thrilled by the thought that *she* was being cared for.

They talked but little, these two—there was no need of words; each understood the undercurrent of the other's thoughts, each of them put Chester first, and neither of them looked beyond the present.

On leaving, Northrop asked for the papers of the Loan Company, that he might at least take charge of them for Lorna, and she gave them to him, little guessing what her surrender of them would mean.

"I will see that all Chester's mail is forwarded," he said, "that is, all that I can't personally attend to; and as these payments are made, I will return the receipts and put the money to your credit."

Although Lorna said nothing, her sensitive nature shrank from the thought of Northrop's handling her money, and she feared too that he would ascertain in some way the depleted state of her finances.

With the other serious troubles she had on her mind was this additional one: the impossibility of managing to get through the winter with what money she had; and the problem of devising a means of making some was never out of her mind. She tried to rent the spare room, but after a week of suspense she discovered that the few people who had answered her advertisement learned facts about Chester's illness which frightened them away, and at last she gave it up. She tried to do a little fancy work, but that did not pay—the baby took so much of her time that a piece of work was wanted before it was half finished. There seemed nothing to do but trust in Providence, and hope.

"Mother," asked Edward one day, "when can we go to see Daddy?"

"Perhaps he will be back, before you miss him too much," answered his mother, evasively.

"Oh no, mother; I miss him now, more than you think, and Phoebe and I want to spend the day with him. We could take the baby, too, so you and Nanny would have a rest, mother; and we could take our own spoons—and oh, mother, you could make us aprons like Nanny's with stems on them, so we will keep our clothes nice and clean, will you, mother?"

Lorna kissed the child fondly. "Darling, it costs a great deal of money to go where Daddy is; you know tickets would be needed—to give the conductor, on the train, and we need all the money we have to send to father to make him comfortable; it would be selfish to use it for our pleasure, little son."

"Do conductors always take tickets, mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"Do you need a ticket to go *anywhere?*"

"Anywhere that you can't walk," answered the mother, absently, pitying the little child who seemed so young to learn of the hardships he must suffer.

The boy sighed and went slowly back to the nursery, to explain the situation to Phoebe, who was packing her doll's trunk, in preparation for the journey.

When the doctor came that night, he found a change in the baby, and toward morning the little fellow was mercifully relieved of a life of pain. As Lorna watched the fluttering soul struggle for freedom, she was able to look the Angel of Death in the face without bitterness, and say:

"Take him—he is better off with you than with me— My baby!"

Then for the moment she gave way and laying her head down beside the tiny, quiet one, shook with dry, choking sobs. There seemed so many kinds of pain to fight—there was Chester living, the baby dead—there was the haunting certainty of want ahead, the struggle for sufficiency in the present. And yet they say the back is fitted for the burden!

It was not in Lorna to give up for long. Responsibility had made her too strong for that, and even in the first hours of pain, she struggled for calmness and courage, gaining much by the thought that she must be an example to both Nanny and Edward, in their grief.

She turned with relief to Northrop—even his presence was helpful, and the knowledge that he could be relied upon to do everything necessary at this time was a great comfort to Lorna.

He came to the house in the early morning and found her sitting quietly beside her baby—a look of divine peace on her face. He stood motionless in the doorway an instant, awed; she seemed unearthly—unreal.

Looking up she smiled bravely, and

held out her hand. "Thank you for coming," she said, "I knew you would"

"Lorna!" the cry was one of pain.

"Don't," she answered, "I am all right—it is all right. Now, somehow I feel as though I have known all along he was only to be mine for a little while—a loving thought, lent to me during a time of trial," she said dreamily, meaning the time of Chester's going.

"Lorna," Northrop whispered again, unsteadily. "What can I do?"

"Would you mind telling Edward?" she asked. "I know it seems queer for me to shrink from that, but"—her voice quivered—"he loved the baby so!"

Alone with the little boy, Northrop found his task a hard one. Lorna's white face, pitiful in its very bravery, was keen, stabbing pain to the man who gave all and asked nothing; he could much more easily have borne the sight of uncontrolled grief. The realization that she could not bear the sight of Edward's suffering, made him too dread to tell the child.

CHESTER GAVE HIMSELF UP TO THE SWEETNESS OF BEING CARED FOR

"Edward," he said finally, stroking the boy's head, "Edward, you know the baby has not been well, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I know," was the prompt answer. "He must have taken pepper, like Daddy, but Nanny didn't give him any—I asked her. Nanny only gave him milk. Do cows milk pepper, Mr. Northrop?"

There was an interruption for a discussion on the merits of cow's milk with or without pepper, before the man gathered sufficient courage to go on.

"The little fellow will not cough any more," he said at last, "God has taken him to heaven."

"By himself?" asked the child, astonished. "Why, we did not say good-bye to him—we didn't know he was going." He thought a moment. "Mr. Northrop, does God take tickets when you go to heaven?"

"No, boy."

"Can you walk?"

"No, dear."

"Well, mother said everywhere you couldn't walk, you had to give a ticket to the conductor," persisted the child.

"That is when you are here, little man—alive, you know," Northrop began to flounder, under the direct serious gaze of Edward's big eyes—reminding him so potently of Lorna. "But when you *die*,—you go—"

"*Die*? Is the baby dead?"

Silently the man bowed his head, waiting in dread for the storm of grief he expected to follow these words. Instead the child slid down from his lap, saying solemnly:

"I must go and see Nanny at once then, please, for you know," he whispered, confidently, looking up into his friend's face, "we will have to see about his blanket," and walked quickly from the room.

In a few moments, Nanny burst through the door, her apron over her honest face, sobbing with all the abandon of her loyal, loving heart.

"Oh, me bairn, me bairn," she wailed, "Excuse me interruptibility, yer honor, but the dear lamb; he'll be afther breakin' his poor mother's heart.

'Who'll make his blanket?' he says to me, that serious like, I hadn't words to answer him!"

She rocked to and fro, calling incoherently on all the saints to bless and preserve them, then, as suddenly as she had entered, she ran from the room, crying:

"A blanket indade! He'll be afther breakin' his poor mother's heart, that he will!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Jerrold Patterson had reached the time of life when she wore two pairs of suspender garters and combed her hair low over her brow—too high a forehead did not suit her. All her days she had believed that she bore a striking resemblance to Queen Louise, and had cultivated a regally frigid manner, compatible with her appearance.

She was the Mrs. Jellaby type of woman, whose absorbing interests were always centered in things farthest removed from her immediate surroundings. She would go any length to cure a cold in some lazy vagabond of the slums, spending hours with him, while her husband lay in agony, alone, suffering from pneumonia. She would read for hours to a class of ragamuffins, while her son's soul withered and shriveled under the care of his tutor.

She married Mr. Patterson, who was rather a good sort until he was obliged to have his ties and socks chosen for him, then he sank into harmless nonentity, moving along the lines of least resistance, and was generally known as 'Mrs. Patterson's husband'.

The child was an unwelcome addition to the Patterson menage, being the result of a slight indiscretion on the part of Jerrold Patterson, which he was never allowed to forget until the day of his death.

As a matter of fact, the infant Robert became a great boon to his mother; he was the cloak under which she secreted many sins, and when his father died, the boy reluctantly furnished material for unhampered maternal experiments.

"There are some women who are not intended for mothers," Mrs. Patterson said belligerently to her husband. "Their field of labor seems to be outside the home, giving others, less gifted, the benefit of their research. However, let no one say of me that I shirk a responsibility or duty. The child shall be my first consideration always, and you may rest assured that his training shall be along the most approved and scientific lines—supervised personally by me. *I* will bring up my child."

Not feeling at liberty to express himself frankly on the subject, Patterson père remained silent.

"You have nothing to say, as usual," his wife continued, scornfully, "which means that you have not troubled to think of your responsibility at all, in the matter. Very well, Mr. Patterson, I beg, then, that you leave everything to me; do me the kindness not to interfere! For, although I can never forgive you, I will let no one say I ever refused a care or duty, no matter how distasteful or irksome."

And the regal lady sailed majestically to her room, where, after a few hours, she was congratulated by Sir Mortimer Cheeseborough upon the possession of a son.

From that day real happiness came to Mrs. Patterson, although she did not know it. We often do not recognize it, calling it by some other name, as Responsibility, Sacrifice, Duty, Work, etc.

To have some one belonging to her, and over whom she had absolute control—upon whom to work out experiments of various kinds—Mrs Patterson never really understood how much Robert had meant to her!

She gloated over the rigid lines laid down for his upbringing and education—she personally supervised them, though it is doubtful whether she ever held the child longer than ten minutes in her arms, in all his babyhood.

She reveled in the idea that she was a living monument to self-sacrificing unmaternal females; and she was a daily reproach to her husband. Any new theory connected with the management of children was first tried on Robert, then enthusiastically explained and recommended to the toil-hardened

LAYING HER HEAD DOWN BESIDE THE TINY, QUIET ONE, LORNA SHOOK WITH DRY, CHOKING SOBS

mothers of the "west side," Mrs. Patterson's favorite field of labor; and the strangest part of this tale is, that the boy survived.

Young Robert's life dated for him from the day he was five years old. It was then that he slapped his cousin in the face—and the same evening Mr. Canfrey arrived.

(Mrs. Patterson, by the way, always arose, and retired, arrived, departed and returned. She insisted upon the members of her household doing likewise.)

Mr. Canfrey was an Englishman—let no one bear him a grudge upon that score; it was a simple accident of birth. Let them, rather, deplore his prolonged term of service with Mrs. Patterson; his warped, dwarfed and cringing nature, which made these years a possibility.

On the morning following his arrival, he was closeted with his patroness four uninterrupted hours. What plans were made then, only Robert knew, but not until many years had passed. During those hours a boy's childhood and youth were usurped, budding manhood stunted—and Mr. Canfrey was made to understand quite plainly he was merely a negative quantity—he must suggest, advise nothing, merely see that Robert carried out the maternal edicts, strictly to the letter.

Each month Mrs. Patterson gave the tutor a plan of study and its complementary line of thought; each month Mr. Canfrey had to give her notes taken *verbatim* from his pupil; and remarks digressing from the prescribed course had to be sternly and scientifically dealt with—Robert had to think by rule

Physically he was perfect. Regular hours, plenty of exercise and plain food made a splendidly healthy boy of him, and when quite young he far excelled his tutor in every kind of athletics. The mornings were spent in study—the afternoons in walking, boating, playing tennis or golf; in the winter, skating and snow-shoeing. Promptly at five the boy was brought home to have tea with his mother (when she was there) or with Mr. Canfrey in the library; from

then until dinner time he was allowed to go to his room and read—books carefully selected and marked by his mother. The evenings were spent dully over a chess board, or playing cribbage with Mr. Canfrey.

At half-past nine pupil and tutor said good-night, and went to their adjoining rooms.

It would seem impossible to imagine a boy, a man, with no friends, no interests, no thoughts even, except second-hand ones,—merely a handsome automaton—did that man not have Mrs. Patterson for a mother and Mr. Canfrey for an inseparable companion.

From the day of the birthday party, Robert's only relatives had never crossed the Patterson threshold; it could never be satisfactorily settled between the two mothers which child had been in the wrong.

Mrs. Patterson could not be truthfully said to have hosts of friends. To use her own words: "I don't believe in or encourage intimacy, and won't allow my son to associate with children who are brought up by nurses. A child," she argued, "should only want food, fresh air and sleep. This desire to play and be amused is foreign to the nature, something fostered by nurses or lazy mothers to rid themselves of children and be allowed more time to themselves. Train a child to quiet meditation."

But there was a time when Robert almost lived.

Five years after Mr. Canfrey's advent into the Patterson household, a family of children moved next door. There was a boy Robert's age, who looked with mingled curiosity and pity at the little fellow dressed in Eton suits.

"He looks old and quiet, like a man, mother," the child said, "only his hands and feet are small like mine, and he can't smile, mother—shall I teach him?"

The mother kissed her son's earnest face and replied that he must always *help*, wherever he found help needed.

So the next day, Robert Patterson received a letter, the first and last for many years, which read:

"To the little boy-man, who lives next door: if you can bild a sno house, come in my back yard after school this Pe—Em—Yours truly,—Geo. Harris."

This note was slipped into Robert's hand as he started for his walk with Mr. Canfrey. He deciphered it with a total lack of enthusiasm which did his mentors credit

"Am I to go, Mr. Canfrey?" he asked. "I can't build a snow house, you know."

Mr. Canfrey cleared his throat before replying—deliberation was one of his strong points.

"We will refer the matter to your estimable mother," he finally said.

Mrs. Patterson was deeply engrossed in preparing a paper on "Modern Homes, and Their Corruptions," when the matter was laid before her.

"You may go this once," she decided after some thought, "this once!" She was secretly pleased by the indifferent way Robert received permission; if he had evinced the slightest keeness to go, it is certain that his mother would have kept him at home—just as a matter of discipline.

"I don't know the people at all," she went on, "and heartily disapprove of taking up new-comers, but as a kindness to the boy (whose mother probably neglects him), for which I shall never get any thanks, you may go. Mr. Canfrey will tell you just what to say to the child," she added, turning back to her work.

"Just so, exactly," murmured the tutor, after the prescribed time for reflection had passed.

For several days Robert played with George Harris, learning more of interest from the child in those hours than from his tutor during their years of intercourse. Yet so thoroughly had Mrs. Patterson and her hireling done their work, it never occurred to Robert to rebel and try to fashion his life after that delightful existence of his friend—he merely considered it a coincidence that he should live one way, and the Harris boy another.

At the end of four weeks' acquaintance between the children, Mrs. Patterson called on Mrs. Harris, *in the morn-*

ing. To the untutored mind this does not seem extraordinary, but when Mr. Canfrey saw his patroness tread majestically up the few steps to the next house, he knew of a sure something was in the wind.

Mrs. Harris was at home.

The maid asked Mrs. Patterson to wait, during which moments the matutinal visitor had time to note the tasteful simplicity of the drawing room She was conscious of a slight change in the plan of campaign she had rehearsed, and was just formulating another course when Mrs. Harris entered.

Her sweet womanly manner showed only a polite interest in the nature of her neighbour's visit, and she sat down on a low chair, with an air of expectancy.

"I have called," began Mrs. Patterson, stiffly, "in perfect kindness, I assure you. Were our positions reversed I should consider you in the light of a friend—a benefactress, indeed! Though what I am going to say has pained me, and I know will hurt you, I wish to say again, I bear you no ill-will."

She stopped a moment.

Mrs. Harris puckered her brows in perplexity.

"Yes?" she questioned.

"I speak of your son, George," the lady continued, tonelessly. "He—" she paused, effectively—"he swears!"

MRS. PATTERSON CULTIVATED A REGALLY FRIGID MANNER

The faintest suggestion of a smile crossed Mrs. Harris' face.

"Only in fun," she said. "He certainly should not do it, but after all, when not in anger, I don't consider it a serious offence. Boys learn these things mysteriously, you know; he has not been taught it as an accomplishment, I assure you."

Mrs. Patterson's manner became even more haughty and majestic.

"I consider it a crime," she sternly interrupted, "for such language to be used by any one, under any conditions; I am at present conducting a campaign against these low workingmen who—swear. Last week I had fourteen discharged, and this week nearly double that number. Every mother should be untiring in her efforts to weed out this dreadful canker worm, eating into the morals of mankind."

Mrs. Harris asked, smilingly, "Just what course do *you* pursue, in eradicating this tendency in your son?"

For a moment the enormity of the question rendered Robert's mother speechless.

"My son," she repeated. "*My* son?"

"Why, certainly; he and George are equally proficient—"

"It is not true! You say that to shield your boy," she gasped, "I don't believe you!"

In the light of what had been said

concerning their reversed positions, Mrs. Harris was slightly unprepared for this burst of indignation. She rose and touched the bell.

"Maggie," she said to the servant who answered its summons, "please tell Mrs. Patterson what you heard Robert calling George, yesterday."

Maggie, thus addressed, moistened her lips noisily, before answering:

"He told Master Georgie that he was a damned son of hell, mum, he did."

"They were playing at being draymen, I believe," suggested Mrs. Harris, quietly, "and this was part of the realistic performance. George explained they had often heard men who drive coal carts, speak that way to their horses."

Mrs. Patterson left the house in a rage which made her dizzy—not at Robert—oh, no—Robert's mouth and soul were unstained by such a crime. But the insufferable insolence of these people who classed him with their degenerate boy!

She opened the door of the study and stood for a moment on the threshold. The sight which met her eye momentarily calmed her—Mr. Canfrey bending over Robert's chair, explaining in a sing-song voice the progress of a certain planet; Robert quietly attentive. Irreproachable Robert!

Both teacher and pupil looked up in surprise. This hour of the day was sacred to the quest for learning—they had never been interrupted before; and the look on Mrs. Patterson's usually expressionless face made the tutor vaguely uneasy. Had he fallen short in any way of the required standard?

"Robert," began the mother, in a voice which trembled slightly, "Robert, I have first to ask your pardon for this interruption—yours and Mr. Canfrey's," bowing stiffly to the tutor, "and then to mention a circumstance, merely to satisfy myself, you understand, which has just recently come under my observation."

Robert looked indifferently at his mother.

"I have heard the child next door the boy George—with whom, in my reprehensible short-sightedness, I have allowed you to associate, using the most criminal I use the word advisedly—language!" The lady paused, obviously for self-control. "This morning, from motives of pure kindness, I set aside one of my strictest rules—that of never taking strangers into my recognition—and called upon his mother, to warn her of the path her son was following. She heard me with an incredible amount of indifference, then—then," Mrs. Patterson's breath came fast and labored, "she accused *you* of using oaths, Robert, oaths, which you could never possibly have heard! I am free to confess I am greatly upset," another slight inclination toward Mr. Canfrey, "and merely wish to hear you say that the woman spoke what was not true."

"What did she tell you I said, mother?" Robert's face showed a little interest.

His mother opened her lips to speak, closed her eyes, then covered her face with her hands.

"I could not repeat it," she said.

"Did she tell you we were playing draymen?" asked the boy.

"Yes"

"And that we called our horses damned sons of hell?"

"*Robert!*" Mrs. Patterson screamed, and Mr. Canfrey absent-mindedly dipped his pince-nez in the ink well, "Robert, how *dare* you repeat that boy's words in my presence?"

"I am not repeating them, mother," answered young Patterson, proudly, "*I said them first!*"

"You lie," shouted the mother, beside herself with fury, "you lie to shield him! Tell me you lie," she commanded.

(To be continued)

A department of theatrical comment and gossip, edited by Irene Currie Love and illustrated with portrait sketches from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell.]

THE CLIMAX

ONE of the most interesting plays that has been produced this season is *The Climax*, by Edward Locke, a play which is all the more remarkable in that it employs only four actors and only one stage setting throughout its three acts.

Adelina Von Hagen's mother was an Italian opera singer who considered her career and the world well lost when she married a German who disapproved of her stage work. Madly in love with him at the time of her marriage, she soon discovered that she had made a mistake.

Little Adelina determines early in life, that her career shall not be spoiled by any "love foolishness," and so, when she is left an orphan, she leaves the little village of Azalea and goes to New York to study singing under the tuition of a distant relation of her mother's, Luigi Golfanti, whose son, Pietro, is also wrapped up in music

She lives with the Golfantis in a tiny three-roomed flat, where the most conspicuous piece of furniture is a grand piano. A small oil stove, on which they do light housekeeping, is in the same room which serves as kitchen, dining room, drawing room and studio.

Dr. John Raymond, of Azalea, who has been "in love" with Adelina since she was a child, comes to New York to visit the girl and is shocked at the thought of her living in bachelor apartments with two unmarried men

Adelina is disgusted at his attitude and tells him that it is characteristic of Azalea, where "there aren't more than fifty people in a population of five hundred who are broad minded enough to say 'damn it' when they're mad."

The doctor is convinced that if it were not for the girl's stage aspirations, she would listen to his suit, and he wonders what he can do to keep her from her intention of going with an opera company, to Havana, the land where "they love divinely and hate like the devil."

His opportunity comes. Adelina has to undergo an operation on her vocal chords, and by dint of mental suggestion, the doctor persuades her that she has lost her voice. The girl's grief is terrible, but gradually, she turns to her childhood friend and finds some comfort in his love.

On the very day of their wedding, she finds that she can sing and the doctor confesses his duplicity.

Pietro, whose temperament responds to every thought, every instinct of Adelina's, picks up a dagger, but the girl interferes and tells the doctor to go.

After his departure, she turns to

Pietro, telling him to play his latest composition, "The Song of the Soul," but in the midst of her song, she bursts into tears, and the curtain goes down on her as she sobs her heart out on the old singing-master's breast.

It is impossible in a brief sketch of this sort to do justice to the real charm of the story; to the exceptionally good acting of the four members of the cast; or to the realism of the stage setting, which, in its fidelity of detail, is worthy of Belasco.

Suffice it to say, that *The Climax*, with its musical atmosphere, its purity of thought and expression, shines, amidst the waste of problem plays and musical comedies, like a good deed in a naughty world.

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell
LOUISE DONOVAN
One of the stage beauties with *The Candy Shop*

DANCING IS AN ART

TO FIND an actress who impresses you just as much off the stage as she does on; whose smile is just as dazzling and who is just as pretty and charming in her dressing-room as when she occupies the centre of the stage—this is the delightful surprise that awaits you when you meet Maud Fulton who, with her partner, William Rock, is being "featured" in *The Candy Shop* this season.

Miss Fulton has had an interesting career. Born in Kansas and "raised" in New Orleans, she combines the vivacity of the west with the grace of the south. Early in life she decided to be a writer and did a great deal of newspaper and magazine work.

But there isn't much money in that sort of work, so Miss Fulton decided to try the most lucrative profession known to women, the stage, and after some experience of dramatic and stock work, she took her carefully-hoarded little "pile" and made for New York, the Mecca of all theatrical aspirants.

"I had the usual hard time of the girl who is seeking her fortune in the big city," says Miss Fulton, "and I couldn't get anything to do in dramatic work at all. Finally, a small part in musical comedy was offered me, if I could dance.

"I couldn't. I didn't know a thing about it. I'd never danced in my life. But I said I could, because oh, I did so want that part. And I discovered that I had a natural aptitude for it. Mr. Rock was my partner and I'd watch his feet, as he showed me a step, and then go over in a corner and practice it until I could do it. Nobody ever knew that I didn't know a thing about it.

"Well, of course, that began my career as a dancer. It was just two or three years ago, and Mr. Rock and I got on so well with our dancing that we decided to go into vaudeville.

"We have danced in Canada, the United States and England, and it was

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

MAUD FULTON
"Featured" in *The Candy Shop*

over there that I saw how important to the stage is the art of dancing. Isadora Duncan, Maud Allan and all the exponents of interpretative dancing are doing something of real importance to dramatic art

"Dancing, as we know it over here in the modern musical comedy, is a degraded art. In the endeavor to be popular, we sacrifice grace, truth and beauty—because the people must laugh!

"But perhaps some day, we may be able to do the things we really care to do; when that happy time comes when 'Each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate Star,

" 'Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!' "

TOUCHES OF NATURE

"Tobacco is not bad for my voice," chuckles the old singing-master, "only bad for the other fellow's voice."

In Azalea, all they have to keep them from dry rot is minding some person else's business. In New York, or any other big city, they're so busy minding their own business that they haven't time for anyone else's.

The happiest woman is the one whom all men love, and who loves all men collectively—and laughs at them individually.

Scenery and a pretty woman are always best as nature makes them.

An inspiration is something to make you dream, to idealize—never to marry.

You can keep the inspiration, even if the other fellow does get the girl.

An engagement is the promissory note,—marriage the cash, of love.

The first principle in singing is to let the wind make the tone, but do not let the tone know that the wind does it.

—*The Climax.*

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

WILLIAM LEWERS
As "John Raymond" in *The Climax*

"FOR MISS MARLOWE"

Helen Avery Hardy, one of the few women press agents who have made a success of that difficult calling, tells some amusing stories of her experience on the road.

Last year, when she was out in advance of Julia Marlowe, a newspaper man who disapproved of the feminine invasion of the press agency world, said rudely, "Why, if you were a man and came in here trying to get such stories in the paper, I'd throw you down stairs."

"Do," replied Mrs. Hardy, tranquilly, "I dare you to. It would make a bully good story for Miss Marlowe."

PRIVOLOUSLY FORLORN

The wife of a well known playwright recently remarked, "The tragedy of life is that everything you want most is either unattainable, immoral or indigestible.

THE EVENSONG

At eventime, when length'ning shadows fall,
The nightingale, from nest in leafy tree.
Doth send his mate a tender, loving call,
That meets the vesper hymn across the lea.

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

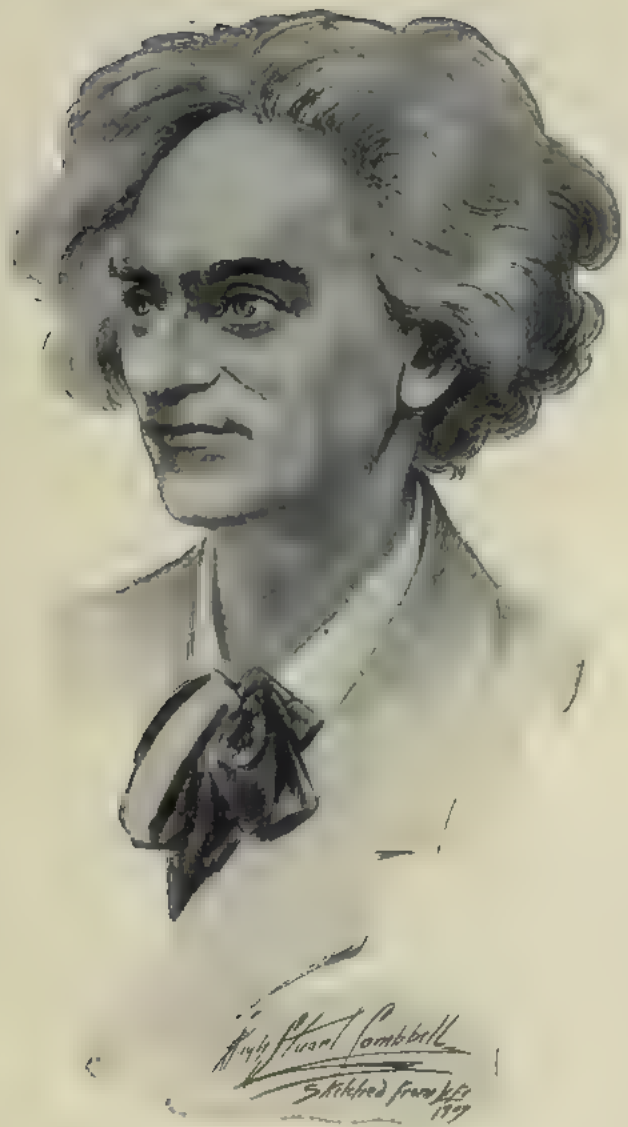
LEONA WATSON
As "Adelina Von Hagen" in *The Climax*

"Oh, come, my love!" his notes ring
soft and low,
"I'm coming, love," she sings "The
night is young!"
While, mingled with their melody doth
flow
The wafted tone of twilight's even-
song.

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

EFFINGHAM PINTO
As "Pietro Golfanti" in *The Climax*

The morning of the moon hath cast its glow,
Its mating is the mingled melody;
The birds attune their song as if they knew,
They reach the joyous hearts of you and me.



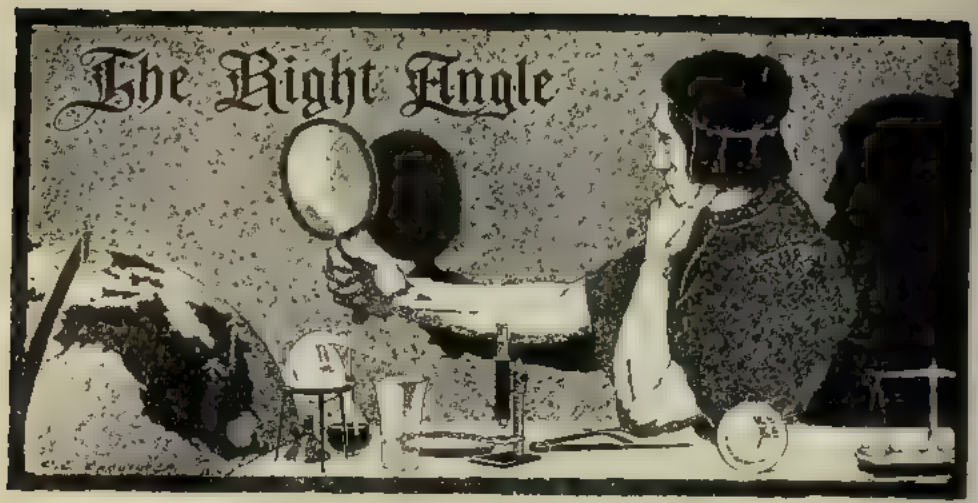
Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

ALBERT BRUNING
As "Luigi Golfanti" in *The Climax*

"Oh! come, my love!" his notes ring soft and low.
"I'm coming, love," she sings "The night is young!"

While mingled with their melody doth flow
The wafted tones of twilight's even-song.

—*The Climax.*



THE MONTH OF GYPSIES

"LOOK!" said the Poet between puffs of his cigar. "There's the first gold of fall."

The Editor looked and glimpsed, with a little tightening at his heart, a single bunch of golden leaves hung in the soft green of the woodland, as the car shot by. He had thought it was still summer—the calendar had said summer so long—but next morning he noted with awakened eyes the signs of garnered harvest. There was the hay-field, its second growth tall and bunchy; the blossoming golden-rod; the slim purple stalks of the asters; and when in the office he marked "October Canada West Monthly. Set 14½ ems" on a manuscript, he resigned himself to the inevitable

October is the month of vagabonds and gypsies the world over. The fisherman spreads out his fly-book and fills in all the vacant spots left by that June trip. The man who likes duck-shooting hauls down his armament and discusses the relative merits of this or that gun-maker's product with his friends. The fellows who travel light speculate on the possibility of cutting down their camp-kit a pound or two more for the last trip before the snow flies. Gypsies the world over move with the wild geese

The Editor happens to be one of the vacationless contingent, and cannot go a-gypsying at the call. Lucky are those of us who can; lucky, too, those who know the desire, even if they must stay at home in the bondage of desk and town and telephone. From his office window the Editor sees the fluffy white clouds scud by through the high azure, catches a stray breath of the country when a load of hay goes by among the express-wagons and cabs, watches at the end of the day a ragged V of wild geese sweeping southward far above the city roofs, and turns again to his papers with a sigh

Eh, well, "though rag and pack be on our back, we'll whistle to the King," and these cool days of fall are fine for turning out work delayed through the heat of the long summer. The gypsy trail is not free to all of us who must plod along with pen or pick or red-ruled ledger three hundred odd days out of the year.

And so the Editor glances up occasionally to nod a greeting to the serene prince of vagabonds who wrote the "Song of the Open Road," that hangs in black-letter above his desk

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me, leading wherever I choose,
Henceforth I ask not good-fortune—I am good fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Strong and content, I travel the open road

Perhaps you, too, are a member of the vacationless contingent. Perhaps

you, too, keep some out-of-doors quotation tucked away in your waistcoat pocket, or pasted above your desk, remembering your boyhood days of adventures under green trees. And if you are, vacation or no vacation, you are happy. For yours is the priceless possession—the memory of youth, the kinship with the open, the joy of the road. With that, a man needs no more.

TWO MEETINGS

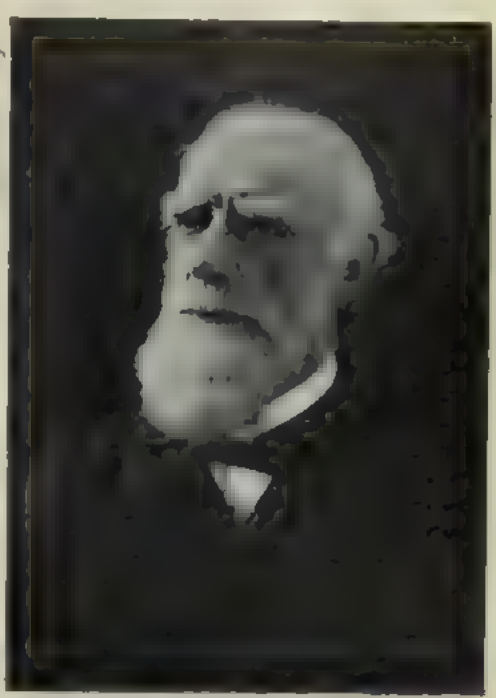
WHEN Lord Strathcona and James J. Hill met in amity at a neutral board last month in Winnipeg, there was present in the air the memory of many vast things done by each for the undoing of the other; but only the majesty of two great men, both victors, clasping hands in kindly recognition, met the eye. Canada can claim them both, and when they met, presenting in two individualities the forces that had clashed a half continent into activity, they marked a crowning point in the most significant epoch of Canadian history. It had not the romantic quality of Strathcona's welcome by Lord Mount Stephen on his first appearance in the House of Lords, for these two had started life together, poor boys both, who brought to Canada from Scotland no assets more tangible than their youth and hopes, and met again as peers of the broadest and most splendid Empire the world has known, taking their well-won honors at the hand of the greatest Queen. The most sublime fiction that ever sprung from the brain of the greatest poet offers no drama nor romance to equal the careers of these three preeminent men, nor any picture more simple or impressive than their meetings, in the afternoon of life.

NORTHLAND AND BAY

BOOKS which combine the accuracy of scientific observation and the interest of adventure are all too rare, and when one appears it is sure of careful and widespread perusal. Such an one is a new edition of Mr. J. W. Tyrrell's "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada", from the press of William Briggs, Toronto. The first edition was issued some time after Mr. Tyrrell's return from his canoe trip with his brother, Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, from Athabasca Landing to Fort Churchill by way of the Dubawnt River, Chesterfield Inlet and the west coast of Hudson Bay.

The first edition, like the second, was mainly occupied with an account of that expedition. It also contained valuable chapters on the Musk-ox and the Eskimos, while the new edition is blest with many illustrations that have not formerly been published, and is specially enriched by a chapter on "Hudson Bay, a National Asset."

The purely scientific side of the expedition of 1893 has been given in Mr. J. B. Tyrrell's report to the Geological Survey. Mr. J. W. Tyrrell, like his brother, is a scientist, and brings to his more distinctly literary task the quality of accurate observation that is so essential to reliability in descriptions of comparatively unknown country. Perhaps "Sub-Arctics" is an unfortunate name, not because the northernmost Canadian Territories do not approach the Arctic Circle, but



LORD STRATHCONA

JOURNALISTS WHO TOURED

C. P. Reynolds, editor *Prairie Farmer*, Philip Eastman, editor *Missouri Valley Farmer* and *Nebraska Farm Journal*, Senator Peter Jansen; Herbert Vanderhoof, editor CANADA WEST MONTHLY, John Arthur Dixon, editor *Home Life*; Professor Edwin S. Bayard, editor *National Stockman and Farmer*; Fred Cook, Ottawa correspondent *London Times*, Herbert Quick, editor *Farm and Fireside*, Professor E. E. Faville (editor *Successful Farming*, Archdeacon Lloyd, Lloydminster, Professor Thomas Shaw, *Orange Judd Farmer*.

because of the persistence of Canada-fakers, who without malicious intent, lead people to suppose that the Arctic Circle swings perilously near the border between Canada and the United States.

It might be said with perfect truth that Mr. Tyrrell left Edmonton for Chesterfield Inlet in such a way as to give the impression that it was only a short journey from one place to the other. Similarly, in speaking of the Barren Lands, it is possible to convey the idea that nothing but storm and snow are to be discovered in the treeless regions of the North. The truth is, of course, that on the Barren Lands there is an abundance of grass, and in summer many varieties of flowers bloom throughout the long, long days. If there were not abundant vegetation, leaving nutritious food for animals during the winter, that distant country could not support the vast number of Caribou; photographs of which, taken in latitude 63, are reproduced by Mr Tyrrell

Musk-oxen flourish almost to the Arctic Ocean itself, and when Mr Tyrrell speaks of seeing musk-ox robes stacked like hay cocks on the shore of Chesterfield Inlet awaiting sale to some trader, he is not only suggesting the possibility of sport sport being livelihood to the natives of the far north, but is also incidentally putting the limits of vegetation infinitely farther north than the public would suppose, from reading many of the stories published from time to time about the uninhabited countries of the Sub-Arctics.

Mr. Tyrrell has had unique experiences around Hudson Bay, extending, with intervals, over the period from 1885 to 1905. He has crossed the bay six times, passed four times through the Hudson Strait, spent a winter on Big Island, on the north side of the Strait, observing the currents, and has explored the Thelon River between Chesterfield Inlet and Great Slave Lake. What he says, therefore, about the prospects of the Hudson Bay Route for Western Canadian wheat, is of first importance.

His surveys of the harbor prove its depth and accessibility; and the Hudson Bay Company's records are conclusive both as to the length of time the harbor is free of ice and as to the open-

WESTERN CANADA EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

George D. Richards, editor *World To-day;* Henry M. Hyde, editor *Technical World,* and correspondent *Saturday Evening Post;* Robert R. Jones, managing editor *Chicago Inter-Ocean,* P. Hammond, *Chicago Post,* Bruce Barton, editor *Home Herald;* Herbert Vanderhoof, editor CANADA WEST MONTHLY, S. E. Kiser, author; J. S. Dennis, Canadian Pacific Railway; Wilbur D. Nesbit, editor *United Post Syndicate,* R. Marpole, Canadian Pacific Railway; P. Campbell, Esquimault and Nanaimo Railway

ness of the Bay during the winter. The governing element in the Hudson Bay route is the navigability of the straits. Mr. Tyrrell says the proposal to open up the route is "a wise and perfectly feasible one."

"We cannot get away from the fact that a considerable quantity of drifting field ice is likely to be encountered in the strait during the month of July, and of course, earlier, but by that time, it is found to be so broken and softened by the action of the weather and water as to be of little danger to ships which, with average steam power and suitably arranged propellers with attachable blades, will be able to force their way through. The strait can, in my opinion, be relied upon for unobstructed navigation from the 15th of July to the 1st of November with a possible extension of two weeks at either end."

MR. BUCKLEY'S ACHIEVEMENT

TO HAVE come from cattle-trading in Ireland, and during the third year of his education as a farmer to have produced wheat that brought $1.04 a bushel in a primary market, is the record made by John C. Buckley, of Gleichen, Alberta. Mr. Buckley's wheat, sown and cultivated outside the rules of the art (as known) not only took the top-notch price of all the world, but drew first award for quality wherever it was exhibited. This remarkable achievement and Mr. Buckley's own account of it, will be fully set out in a special article in the November number of CANADA WEST MONTHLY. The story will be found especially informing by all who are interested in wheat culture, that is to say by the entire population of the western provinces. The case shows in a curious but convincing way the power of western Canadian soil to furnish grain-nutriment at its best.

"THE WOMAN IN THE SHACK"

WHEN Wilbur D. Nesbit, in the September number of this magazine gave his ringing and vigorous tribute to "The Man in the Shack," he waked an echo in behalf of the woman who lives there and "never looks back." Mary I. S. Schæffer, of Field, B. C., who wrote the following lines, could never have produced them if she had not been familiar with one of the most vitally important figures in the history of settlement in the West—the woman of the prairie farm:

M. B. ALESHIRE
Who will furnish the cover design for November
CANADA WEST MONTHLY

She is brave, she is true, as the day it is long,
Her work is as endless as that of the song
The tried heart repeats to keep courage alight,
Till she lays down her task with the coming of night
For she stands by the man who has builded the shack—
His comrade, the woman who never looks back

At the coming of dawn she is there by his side—
A smile, a good word, whatever betide,
Though her toils are all humble, obscure or unseen,
She yet is his guiding-star—quiet, serene
In courage and patience she never shows lack—
His comrade, the woman who never looks back.

We speak of the *man* who has opened the door
Of the great teeming West, who has brought to the fore
The wealth of the prairies—so vast and so wide,
But how many think of the one at his side,
The one who has made him a *home* in the shack—
His comrade the woman who never looks back?

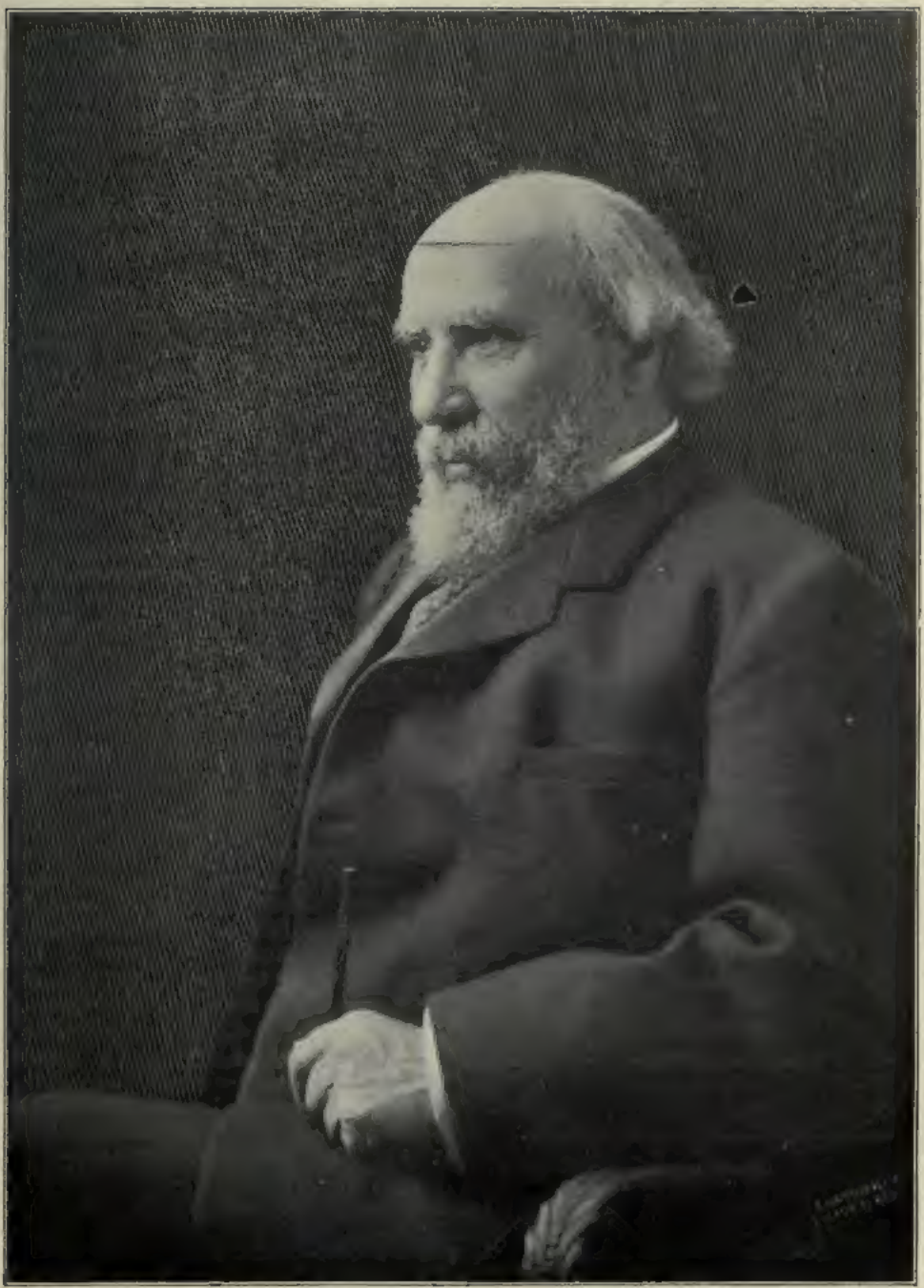
It takes nothing away from the admiration that belongs to "the doer of deeds," as Mr. Nesbit calls "The Man in the Shack," to say that his deeds are made effective by the patient, silent, much-enduring woman who creates domestic conditions for him while he delves in the open and wakes the soil to fruitfulness. Her work is none the less splendid for that it is done in silence, and within walls, while his stands forth to public view. Not enough has been understood or said in her behalf, nor has she taken thought of any such thing as recognition, being bowed to her duty, and doing it for its own sake, and for the sake of her menfolk—selfless and sincere. Mrs. McClung in her "Danny" book, has given a true and touching picture of her, very appealing to those who know the real story and the real people of the West. That picture and these verses ought to go together.

THE CRADLE OF NEW FRANCE

ANYTHING from the pen of Dr A G. Doughty, C. M. G., concerning Quebec is worth reading. Following the Tercentenary of the founding of that city by Champlain, he has given the world the story of that historic spot, from the days when Jacques Cartier looked upon its majestic site to the unique celebration that commemorated, by speech and pageant, the glories of the most romantic city on the American continent.

The volume is a brief one of some three hundred pages, but it is packed with information and should be for all time a *vade-mecum* to the visitor to Quebec. The author has seen fit to name the volume, "The Cradle of New France." This is not an altogether happy title, for Quebec is truly the Cradle of Canada.

The story opens with the voyages of Jacques Cartier and with a rapid pen the history of Quebec down to the present hour is traced. A theme so largely dealt with in such small compass does not admit of much embellishment, but with fine artistic skill the romantic and tragic events are touched on with a power and brilliancy that rivets the attention. The accounts of the Battle of the Plains and the Battle of Sainte



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JAMES J. HILL

Foy are particularly fine pen pictures. By subtle touches Quebec, at various stages of its existence, is made a living reality, and through it all there is a patriotic pride that cannot but make the reader glory in the deeds of his ancestors and fellow-countrymen, be they French or English.

Dr. Doughty has made his book invaluable by supplementary sections giving "Notes in Quebec Chronology"; by appendices dealing with "Monuments of Quebec," "The Hospitals and Institutions," and "The Churches of Quebec." These appendices are not mere catalogues but interesting descriptions of the shrines of the city. The volume closes with a chronological list, showing contemporary rulers in France, England and New France and the Governors of Lower Canada and of the Dominion. It is abundantly illustrated. The colored reproductions of the celebrated historical sketches and paintings by such men as Lieutenant Cockburn, Lieutenant Sitwell, Bourne and Benjamin West, are of exceptional interest.

WILDAN MCBRIDE

WILDAN MCBRIDE

A CANADIAN writer of much interest is Wildan McBride, whose latest French habitant story will appear in an early issue of this magazine. Mr. McBride who was born on a farm in Peel County, Ontario, has had the education and training which has made for backbone and stood for success with so many of our strongest Canadian men.

Schools were difficult of access, and during the preliminary stages of his education the boy, athirst for knowledge, had to tramp long weary miles to the centre of learning. Books were almost equally hard to procure, and the Mechanics' Institute, a small public library supported by farmers, supplied all his reading matter. In 1890, after a course at Toronto University and a short experience in teaching school, Mr. McBride went on the staff of the Montreal Gazette and in three years won to the seat of the scornful—the city editor's desk. In 1897, he went to the old country in the interests of the Montreal Star. Returning to Canada, he spent three years in the Ottawa Press Gallery, where he was correspondent for several English and American papers.

In 1903, Mr. McBride joined the great army of Canadians in the West, about the future of which he is most enthusiastic, and now makes his home in Regina, where he is engaged in business. His business hours are spent in his garden. or over his books, and he confesses, as literary idols, Dickens, George Elliott, Thackeray, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Washington Irving, O. Henry and Kipling, a choice which proves him to be a man of broad views and catholic tastes as his stories show him to be a writer of exceptional ability.

THE FIRST ITEM

HE had been sent by the furniture dealer to take an inventory of a flat. He had met many friends on the way, and been freely irrigated inwardly. Five hours after he had started out they sent another man to find out what delayed him. The other man found him in the flat, in a Morris chair, asleep. On his knee lay his pad, with the first item written out. It read, "One revolving carpet."

WILL IT COME TO THIS?

WITH a determined air the man steps from his house and starts down street.

On his head is a prodigious structure, adorned with bows of ribbon, imitation fruit, artificial flowers and the like. Beneath it protrudes a lot of artificial hair, arranged in puffs, coils and knots. His shirt is cut low in the neck and the bosom is perforated. He wears no coat and his shirt sleeves end at his elbows. He wears a voluminous pair of trousers, from which his ankles, clad in dropstitch silken hose, emerge and are again concealed in a pair of high-heeled glossy slippers.

He gets about half a block from home when an officer stops him and demands the meaning of his masquerade.

"Clothes for men! Clothes for men!' he shouts, as he is dragged away to the patrol box.

Later in the day his wife is summoned from a suffragette meeting to bail him out. She expresses herself forcibly on the growing tendency of men to attempt to usurp woman's sphere.

USEFUL HINTS

TO drive red ants out of granulated sugar, place a sack of pulverized sugar near. They like the pulverized better.

Those who do not like the taste of fried cucumbers will find that a few drops of coal oil in the dish will effectively disguise the flavor.

Do not throw away your panama hat simply because you have worn it for eight or nine years. Somebody may find it and bring it back. Burn it.

A prompt diagnosis of a felon on the finger is to let it rest on a table while some one accidentally drops a heavy book upon it. If you swear promptly and fluently it is a felon.

If your back aches after an hour's weeding in the garden, take a silver dollar and talk confidentially to a stout colored man.

If the heels of your shoes run over on the outside, wear the right shoe on the left foot and vice versa for a few days. This will equalize the wear on the heels.

Several correspondents ask if there is any way of having new heads put on old matches. Probably some of our readers can give us some information on this point.

A BUSINESS HEAD

"MY boy," says the thoughtful father, "I notice that when you get a penny or a nickel you do not place it in the little savings bank Santa Claus brought for you last Christmas."

"Not always, papa," answers the bonny child.

"Ah! I believe, if I am not mistaken, that you spend your pennies and nickels at the little store around the corner."

"Yes, papa."

"Well, my boy, if you do not save your money now, what do you expect to do when you grow up?"

"I am going to run a little store around the corner, papa. Then I'll get all the pennies and nickels."

BABIES AND VOICES

"THERE is nothing like babies," says Mme Schumann-Heink, "to improve the voice." Yea, and there is nothing like babies to increase the number of voices.

DESERVES PUNISHMENT

"SO they are going to try that minister and have him fired out of the church?" asks the first unregenerate.

"I should say so. It will go hard with him," answers the second.

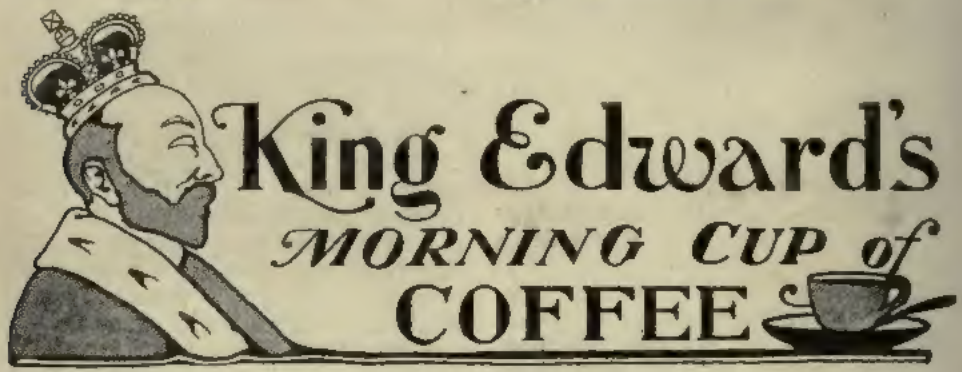
"What did he do? Deny any of the dogmas?"

"No. He argued that they ought to stop taking up collections."

AN UNCONVENTIONAL GRADUATE

"SO you've just graduated from college?" snaps the head of the firm. "And I suppose you think you know enough to run my business if I give you a place?"

"I hadn't considered that phase of the matter," replies the graduate. "I called to inform you that I have combined all your rivals and am willing to let you into the combination if you will talk business."



IT IS commonly supposed that France is the land par excellence of good coffee. This is a fallacy; the morning *cafe-au-lait*, as commonly served in the French provinces, is about the vilest concotion ever served to discriminating man; it is a sorry, reheated mess of half chicory, half coffee of the night before.

For a fact, among European nations, little Holland, the land half aquatic and half terrestrial, has the best coffee and has the largest per capita consumption as well.

King Edward VII., Britain's royal head, didn't get the idea of his morning cup of coffee in France, though it is to be presumed that the quality at the Hotel Bristol—that famous Paris hotel without a bathroom where so many royalties make their headquarters—is above reproach.

King Edward's morning coffee, albeit that it is made by a French chef, is a blend of Costa Rica berry and Plantation Ceylon. The melange is made on the grey, foggy banks of the Thames in the region of the London docks, and is delivered roasted, but unground, to the royal kitchens. Ultimately it reaches the King's breakfast table served to the accompaniment of cream from the Frogmore dairy in the Windsor Home Park.—By Floyd Jones.